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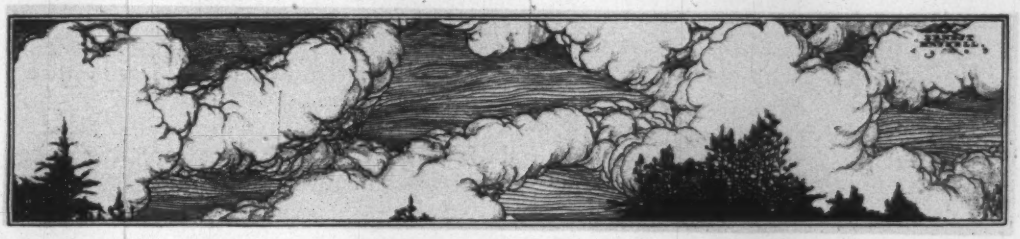


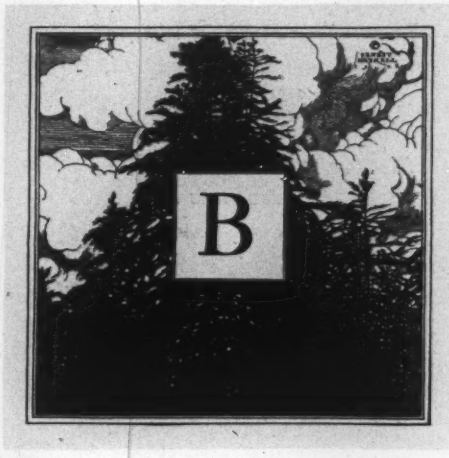
THE SONG OF THE SAW-MILL

BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

AUTHOR OF "KINGS AND QUEENS"

DECORATIONS BY ERNEST HASKELL



Balsam and fir and spruce,
Tamarack, cedar and pine,
By skidway and chute and sluice,
Mine are they, mine and mine.

BORNE in the womb of the forest, lapped in the quiet eternal,
Lay they and ripened for me.
Thrilled with the tremble of birth-joy, breaking the soil maternal,
Budded and bourgeoned for me.

Centuries long in the silence of mountains austere they flourished,
Soaring to plume and shaft,
Battled by bugling tempests, by rain-time and sun-time nourished,
I, in my hunger, laughed.

II

Peach-colored dawning and lilac of shadow, dazzle of nooning,
Whipped to a froth of snow,
Piping of horns in the frost-stiffened branches or lullaby crooning,
I will sing to you so;

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Over and over aloud, the tale of the years abounding,
Tiptoe of squirrel and hare,
White-tailed twinkle of yearling fawns, woodpeckers' pounding,
Lope of the fox to his lair;

All the intricate melody deep in your bosom cherished,
Footfall of snow and rain,
Inarticulate whisper of beech-leaves, secrets that perished,
Live they anew in my strain;

Vast and unresting my shriek,
Insistent, sibilant, grim.
While the endless pulleys creak
I whirl to a swiftness dim,
Blurred to a motionless speed,
Centre and jagged rim,
Stirred to a splendid greed,
Singing my terrible rede,
I whirl to a swiftness dim.

III

Sweeping and leaping of winds in your branches, the fierce revelation
Of lightning's Damascus blade,
Cooing and wooing of doves in your branches, the sweet invitation
Of April-eyed things unafraid;

Dripping of spring-time, autumn a-whipping the hills with her broom-stick yellow,
Partridge's lonely tattoo,
Meteors startling an August midnight, moon of the hunter, mellow,
These I remember for you;

Many a sigh of forgotten summer, needles that scatter,
Petals of wax from the trail,
Breath of the twin-flower, stripe of the sorrel, maiden-hair's tatter,
Pyrola spirit-pale;

Many a pearly pattern of winter, sparkle and tingle
Under the Pleiades, dim,
Burst of the frost like ghostly artillery — these I will mingle
Into my ultimate hymn.

Balsam and fir and spruce,
Tamarack, cedar and pine,
By skidway and chute and sluice,
Mine are they, mine and mine.

IV

Sledded or snaked, with icicles caked or foamily flaked,
From the drives of the river they hurry,
Mill-race and flume in a fury of spume and drunk with the doom
That is leashed to the law of their scurry.

In from the dam with the clambering jack, pine and hemlock and cedar,
Hither their foot-steps bend,
Belt whizzing white with the engine's might and the roar of the giants that feed her,
This — the importunate end;

Clutched from the calmness of daylight into my palpitant riot,
Upward and up they are ground,
Till to one moment intense I condense generations of simmering quiet,
Fused in a sword-flash of sound.

Vast and unresting my shriek,
Insistent, sibilant, grim.
While the endless pulleys creak
I whirl to a swiftness dim,
Blurred to a motionless speed,
Centre and jagged rim,
Stirred to a splendid greed,
Singing my terrible rede,
I whirl to a swiftness dim.

V

Piston and lever and rod, with the steam-wreaths round them melting,
Duly their task fulfill;
Quick in the round of obedience, pulley and shaft and belting
Leap to the law of the mill.

I am the Word and the Law, unpitying, final, terrific,
Cleaving them through and through;
I am the Word and the Law, joyful, supreme, vivific,
Heralding birth anew.

Memory am I to them as I spin through the heart of their being,
Memory and Prophecy,
Singing aloud in their ear the song of the years that are fleeing,
Shouting the years to be.

Measures unknown I am mixing for them, the tumult of people,
Sway of the sea-going deck,
Swirl of light women whirling to music, chime of the steeple,
Wail of the blackened wreck;

Shuffle of gamesters, scuffle of shoppers, chatter and clatter,
Walking of them that grieve,
Swinging of bridges and singing of railways, feet of children a-patter—
These, prophetic, I weave.

Vast and unresting my shriek,
Insistent, sibilant, grim.
While the endless pulleys creak
I whirl to a swiftness dim,
Blurred to a motionless speed,
Centre and jagged rim,
Stirred to a splendid greed,
Singing my terrible rede,
I whirl to a swiftness dim.

I am the Word and the Law, unpitying, final, terrific,
Cleaving them through and through;
I am the Word and the Law, joyful, supreme, vivific,
Heralding birth anew.

"'LOOK! THERE'S A FELLOW RUNNIN' NOW, LORD—LOOK AT HIM!'"

COMING ON THE COAST

BY

COLIN McKAY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. REUTERDAHL

EARLY one Christmas eve the two-masted schooner "Thistle," homeward bound from Turk's Island with salt, sighted Cape Sable light, and, trimming her sheets to a brisk easterly breeze, bore up for Lockport.

"A nice passage so far," remarked the captain to the mate as they lounged about the quarter in the dog-watch; "but I'd feel easier in my mind if we were thirty miles nearer home. This breeze will fail us altogether before long. It would be beastly mean if, after bein' almost in hail of home, we should get blowed off for a month or so. And on Christmas eve, too."

"It would that," assented the mate, Jock McLean, who, though barely turned fifteen, was an able, lusty youth of his years. "It would that, but you've got to take what comes on this coast in the winter time, and be thankful you don't get worse."

As the captain had prophesied, the breeze presently died out completely.

"Humph, I thought so," he growled savagely. "See how it's bankin' up there to the nor'west; the scud is breakin' away already. Call all hands an' take sail off her, Mr. McLean; douse everything but the foresail."

So, the captain standing by the useless wheel, the mate and his men went to work to shorten her down. As they finished, a gust of shrewd, cold air came out of the northwest, and the sea began to smoke.

"Better pile on warm clothes, an' get into oilskins, boys," the old man cautioned.

The nor'wester came down, black and bitter cold, and presently the schooner began to take great bodies of green water over her forward, and to make ice.

"She's not holding her own," the captain observed at length. "Close-reef the foresail an' we'll heave her to before she gets iced up too bad."

Already the foot of the foresail was stiff with frozen spray, and the reef-points like icicles. And what was worse, the men, suddenly plunged from warm summer to black winter weather, felt the cold, cruelly. Their blood, thinned by the heat of the tropics, seemed to dry in their veins; their strength slipped from them — their fingers grew so numb and stiff they could scarce crook them round a rope. But somehow, after a weary time, they managed to reef the sail and set it again.

As the night wore on, with furious gusts hurling blinding snow-squalls along the deep, the schooner wallowed wildly and iced up — despite the efforts of the shriveled, shivering men to keep her clear by chopping the mass away with axes. At midnight she was a solid mass of ice forward, and she was putting her bows under nearly every plunge, with the weight of it.

"She'll soon be a lump of ice forward and aft, at this rate," said the captain. "The best thing to do is to let her go for the Gulf Stream before she gets unmanageable. The weather is worsening."

So for many weary watches she raced before it, while stinging snow-squalls came yelling after, and at last she ran out of the gale, reached the Gulf Stream, and, wallowing in the warm water, soon washed the ice off her. In a few hours, with all sail set to a fair breeze, she was heading northward again.

Then for three long weeks of alternate hail, snow, rain, foggy warmth and blustering cold, the able schooner desperately strove to claw up the coast again; on the twenty-first day, she raised land and a distant glimpse of bleak, snow-clad hills.

"THE MATE . . . SET THE MEN TO WORK CLEARING THE REST OF THE ICE OFF HER"

The captain thought it was Western Head, near Liverpool, but he couldn't be sure.

And, before he could get in close enough to make out, the "Thistle" was threshing through the bellowing blackness of a blinding snow-storm. The old man held her up to it — hoping against hope that it would let up a bit and let him make port somewhere — till a heavy squall from the northwest hove her nearly on her beam ends, and carried away the mainsail. Then he gave up the conflict and hove her to under close-reefed storm trysail.

That night the gale became a blizzard. The sea boiled and smoked as if all the fires in the bowels of the earth had been let loose beneath it — and it was cold, bitterly cold. The schooner, even under the shred of trysail, had a hard fight for life. The captain seldom left the deck, and then only to thaw out. Every half-hour he would try the pumps — then pour pickle into them to prevent them from freezing tight. The young mate bore himself as became the son of a sea captain whose name and fame were celebrated in a dozen deep-sea chanties. And the men, somewhat inured to wet and frost by this time, behaved splendidly, laboring strenuously, enduring silently. They tumbled into their bunks wet and frozen and slept like logs — they turned out smoking and shivering and worked like demons. Their hands were torn with hauling on icy ropes — cracked with brine and cold; their frost-bitten fingers peeled off in patches; but, salving the sores with salt slush, they faced their work unflinchingly.

For twenty-four hours there was little change, then it cleared and blew harder than ever. The captain, who had not closed his eyes since the gale began, watched his boat anxiously.

"She's fallin' into it too heavy," he said at last. "I'm afraid she'll open up on us. If it doesn't let up by noon, we'll get that trysail in, an' run her under bare poles. Meanwhile, we'll try the pumps occasionally."

"Very well, sir," answered the mate.

Suddenly the old man stretched a long arm to windward and cried out excitedly: "Look! There's a fellow runnin' now. Lord — look at him!"

As the "Thistle" swung to the summit of a sea, a brigantine could be seen, coming out of the smoking smother to windward, scudding under bare poles dead before it. One moment she seemed to scrape the clouds with her jib-boom; the next she seemed to be bent on going straight on end to the bottom or turning a somersault. She came down swiftly, and soon, when she hove her stern up, the men at her wheel were plainly visible. All of a sudden she seemed to stand on her head, and give herself a twist, so that, instead of her ice-glistening decks, the watchers saw the copper on her run; then, while they watched, a stupendous, white-headed sea rose behind and hurled itself at her stern.

The schooner sank into a hollow, and a high, abrupt, green comber shut out everything. When she soared to the summit of the next sea, the brigantine had disappeared. A great white swathe of foam, like a marble slab over a grave, marked the spot where she had gone.

"Pitch-poled!" cried the captain.

The schooner fell plump into a yawning valley — then, with a quick, headlong leap, soared over a roaring crest. The rushing surges ripped the lost ship's white shroud into a hundred shreds, and trampled exultant over her grave.

"Yes, she's pitch-poled, and gone down like a shot," the old man said, solemnly. "The 'Thistle' won't try runnin' to-day."

The captain looked forward where two oil-skinned youths, with canvas tied around the soles of their sea-boots to keep them from slipping, were warily and wearily breaking chunks of ice off the heel of the bowsprit and the windlass, and tossing it overboard. Their attention was riveted on their stern and perilous work, and they had not witnessed the tragedy to windward. The captain glanced quickly at the boy beside him. The beardless face was blanched with the horror of the thing, but his eyes were steady and calm. Apparently the old man's swift scrutiny satisfied him.

"Say nothing to the boys about that," he said, waving a wet mitten against the wind. "It might get on their nerves. The 'Thistle' will ride it out, if we can keep her clear of ice. Get forward now, an' give the boys a hand."

All day the schooner crashed and thrashed in the turbulent sea. Sometimes she would heel far over under the impact of a furious blast — heel till she buried her lee swifters in the foam; and then the old man,

seizing his hatchet, would watch her anxiously — ready to cut away. Sometimes she would fall into a trough with a heavy crash, and a sickening shudder — a quaking tremor — would run through her hull; then the old man would hastily sound the pumps.

Another day — another night — and still another day and night — the schooner wrestled with furious gales and infuriated seas. And in that time the wind blew slap round the compass, and the weather ranged the gamut of its moods from stinging snow-squall to blood-warm rain. At last the wind steadied at southwest; the gale blew itself out and the seas subsided gradually. Then the old man, who had not slept for a week, turned his bloodshot eyes northward and opened his blue lips.

"Get sail on her, Mr. McLean," he ordered briskly. "Bend the spare mainsail — lively now. She's not more than a hundred miles offshore, and we ought to get her in to-night."

The young fellow's head was light with hunger, and his feet were like lumps of lead, but as he stood by the main-rigging, watching the weather-battered schooner foaming through the lively waters, he started to hum a stirring down-east doggerel.

"When the green seas whelm o'er the knightheads and the stinging spray flies sheer
Over the waist and over the poop, and ice makes everywhere;
When the bellowing topsails burst amain and the twanging sheets give way,
And pumps are choked and boats are smashed, and it is time to pray:"

And the men, gathered in the galley, gulping down pannikins of steaming coffee, and munching their last biscuit, took up the rollicking refrain.

"Oh, then the hardy bucko mates, the bullies bold, 'see red;'
They curse the roaring seas beneath and the heavens overhead;
They rouse the weary sailors, ho, they drive them to their work,
And they maim the men that mutter, they slaughter the men that shirk."

These men were in a bad way. All were hungry, and all more or less frost-bitten. Their hands were in a frightful condition; their feet — well, not a man could have got his sea-boots off if he had tried. If the schooner should be blown off again — but they didn't bother their heads about that. They munched their last biscuit, gulped down great draughts of hot coffee and sang defiantly. Then they loaded their pipes with tea-leaves — they were out of tobacco now — lit them, and swore that they had never enjoyed a smoke so much before.

A while before dark they made out Gull Rock off Lockport again. And then, as before, the sou'wester died out, and left them lifting idly to the heave of the swell. And again, as before, a breeze came off the land, gusty and cold, and, taking in their light sails, they hauled her up to it, full and bye. The captain, summoned on deck, came up, and looked around.

"Blast the luck," he said, savagely.

At dark, the schooner was staggering along under double reefs fore and aft, and driving her bows under every plunge. A strong nor'-nor'easter tore off the tops of the sou'west swell, and created a nasty sea. But it was not very cold. And the night was clear.

"If we can get in under the land anywheres, we'll hook her," the captain said.

As the night advanced the heavens became overcast with dense black clouds, and presently blinding snow-squalls came seething along the sea. And it grew cold — bitterly cold. The schooner made ice rapidly, and buried herself fearfully. By nine o'clock she was a solid mass of ice forward, and going down by the head.

"We'll have to run her, till we get that ice off her, anyway," the old man growled. "Take in the foresail an' we'll let her go under bare poles. If there comes a change we'll buck her in to-morrow; if not, I'll let her run off to the track of the New York liners so's we can get something to eat."

The captain took the wheel. The mate went forward, saw everything ready, and stationed his men.

"Lower away, lively, boys."

The foresail started down on the run. The peak came right down, but the throat stopped about ten feet up the mast with a jerk. "Lower away your throat," yelled the mate. "Sandy, where have you got

to? Why ain't you 'tendin' to your work? Jumpin' Jehovah — where is he? See him, any of you?"

A faint, agonized yell — as startling as the wail of a lost soul — came from overhead.

"Holy Moses, what's that?" cried Simpson, fearfully.

Overhead a voice stuttered, painfully, excitedly: "O-oyoh on deck. Ah-ahm aloft. He-he-hel-help me down.'

The mate looked aloft and beheld, against a clear patch of sky, Sandy, hanging head downwards and swaying to and fro with every movement of the ship.

"How'd you get up there?" he demanded.

"Ca-ca-cau-caught in the halliards, s-ss-sir! Turn round my ankle."

"A nice fix. Get hold of the riggin', or you'll be bangin' your brains out."

The schooner wasn't rattled down forward, but Simpson had already swung himself to the sheerpoles, and was trying frantically but vainly to shin the icy shrouds. No man could get aloft by the rigging, because, for ten feet up, everything was festooned with frozen spray, and the shrouds were as big as stove-pipes. The mate ordered Simpson to the deck.

"The quickest way to get him down is to hoist the foresail," he said at length. "If the turn held to take him aloft it ought to hold to haul him down. Get hold of the halliard — it's drifting around the deck somewheres." Then, raising his voice, he shouted: "Sandy, keep hold of the rigging, an' let yourself come down — we're going to hoist the throat of the foresail aways . . . Pull down on the halliards, boys — gently."

The men put their weight on the fall, and Sandy yelled with pain. "Look out! Ye-ye-ye'll pull my foot off. Don't — don't!" And the men stopped.

But young McLean, with the ruthlessness of his race, roared, imperatively: "Pull, you fools, pull. Never mind him."

At the fierce command, the men pulled, and Sandy screamed in agony and fright. As the throat went up, the sail bellied to the wind, and the gaff swung against the lee-rigging and jammed hard: and they had to belay the throat, and start the peak up aways. Then, manning the throat-halliards, they hoisted away again — hoisted away while the mate roared at them ruthlessly and poor Sandy yelled blue-murder and pleaded pitifully.

At last they got him down, and cleared his foot; and, after lowering the sail, they picked him up, carried him aft, and laid him on the cabin floor.

The captain called the cook to take the wheel, and came below.

"Get that sail secured, Mr. McLean," he ordered. "I'll see what I can do for this lad."

So, while the mate and his men went to their work, the captain, with numbed and unhandy fingers, cut off Sandy's boot and socks and examined his injuries. The ankle and instep were badly torn, and the flesh, which had been frost-bitten, was swollen and black and bloody.

The captain gave the foot a twist to see if any bones were broken, and Sandy, with the pain of it, fainted dead away. The old man calmly turned on his knees, opened his chest, took out a bottle of Fry's Balsam and a bundle of rags, and clumsily bound up the wound.

Then he attempted to rise, but his legs crumpled under him, and he came down in a heap. An expression of pained bewilderment came into his face — then understanding — then quick rage and chagrin, and finally resignation. "I should have kept on my feet," he growled.

Then, lifting his voice, he called to the man at the wheel: "Tell the mate to come down here as soon as he gets that sail fast."

When the mate came below, the captain and the sailor lay on the floor, side by side. In the flickering light of the swinging lamp their faces, set and ghastly, looked like the faces of dead men.

"So the old man has gone to pieces," the mate muttered, grimly. "And Sandy" — he turned to the unconscious sailor — "Sandy has fainted, I guess. By Jove, things are beginnin' to look blue."

Slowly and painfully, he rose up and stood for a space, taking the bearings of things. His head was giddy; his hands felt like icicles and burning coals by turns; his feet — well he had no feeling below his knees. He longed to lie down — to let things slide and sleep till judgment day.

But the spirit of his seafaring sires stirred within him — rose under the spur of responsibility, dauntlessly to the occasion. He felt a feeling of elation. He would play

the game — play it to the bitter end as became his breed.

So, rousing himself to action, he stepped over the unconscious forms on the floor, opened his chest, took out a bottle of rum, and went hastily on deck, closing the cabin door behind him. The cook was still at the wheel; the other three hands were forward, hugging the galley stove. He moved forward over the icy deck, taking a look at the weather as he went. The sky was clearing overhead.

As he entered the galley, the men looked up dejectedly. "Here, boys — take a drink," he ordered. "Then we'll get the ice off her, an' bring her up to the wind. It's clearing off overhead, an' I reckon we're goin' to have some fine weather for a change. The old man's takin' a nap, an' Sandy's restin' comfortably. Here, give me the bottle. One round is enough now. It doesn't take much of this stuff to knock a man out when his stomach is empty. Simpson, take the wheel, an' send the cook here."

The mate's bearing — brisk, breezy, bold — put heart into the men, and the generous liquor put new life into their weary frames.

Under his direction, they went to work, breaking ice off the decks. Slowly the night wore on. The ship fled before the wind, ploughing a path of phosphorescent flame through the smoking seas. A man could not stand at the wheel, or break ice, fifteen minutes at a stretch; but, after a brief thaw in the galley, he'd face the bitter cold on deck again, doggedly.

At intervals the mate served out grog. On him, the liquor acted like a tonic, clearing his head, warming his blood; and he made the mistake of gauging the capacity of the men by its effect on him. Ere long the men began to show a disposition to get drunk and forget their troubles. And at last, going into the galley, the mate found Simpson and the cook helping themselves freely out of the bottle. Angrily he bade them put it away.

Simpson, brandishing the bottle, answered with defiant recklessness, and the cook told the mate to get out of his galley and go to ——.

But Jock McLean, suddenly brought face to face with open mutiny, was equal to the emergency. Swiftly he brought his ice-axe to his shoulder.

"Put that bottle down, you fool, or I'll split your head."

The mate's prompt, direct method of dealing with the situation appealed to the men, but they were not easily frightened — they would prove him to the uttermost.

"One!" said the mate.

Still Simpson held on to the bottle and met the mate's threatening eyes, unflinchingly.

"Two!"

"Ah, drop it, Simpson," cried the cook. "He'll strike."

Simpson, his eyes on the mate, coolly raised the bottle towards his lips.

"Three!"

The mate gathered himself to strike, and the axe left his shoulder. On the instant, Simpson dropped the bottle and held up his hands. The mate arrested the axe barely an inch from his head.

"By the Lord, McLean, you'll make a husky bucko some of these days," cried the cook, admiringly.

"Give it here," ordered the mate. "Now, Simpson, take the wheel a spell; cook, you and I will get at the ice again."

At four bells in the middle watch the nor'easter suddenly died out, but it was only a lull — a breathing spell. In less than ten minutes another gale sprang up from the southeast, and was soon lashing the seas feather-white.

The ship was pretty clear of ice by this time. So, putting her head up to the coast again, they proceeded to get sail on her.

"Keep her dead before it," he said to the man at the wheel. "She'll strike the coast around Cape Sable somewhere, an' we'll jam her in anywhere we can. The sooner the better now."

Then he went below, got out the chart, and clumsily — for the parallel rulers and dividers would slip unexpectedly from his stiffened fingers — laid off the courses, and calculated that Cape Sable light would be in sight in about two hours if it kept clear. After that, he fixed the fire, and took a look at the unconscious men on the floor. They lay as he had left them — rigid and grim. Stolidly, he got out a bottle of rum, smote off the neck, and forced a gill of the good liquor down their throats, and in a few minutes he was rewarded with signs of life. Their jaws relaxed, their faces took on a lifelike flush, and they began to breathe feebly, but steadily.

"Guess that's all I can do for you, now," the mate muttered. Then he went on deck.

The schooner sped on, and it snowed steadily. She was running on to the coast with a vengeance now, and going it blind. They couldn't see the length of her through the smothering snow.

"Another half hour of this, an' we'll have to put her head offshore," said the mate quietly.

The ship sped on, and still the blinding snow-storm howled around her. The mate and the men kept the deck, alert and anxious, with ears strained to catch the roll of the surf. At last the mate took the wheel and sang out:

"Stand by the foresheet, there — and look out for yourselves. I'm going to bring her to."

And then suddenly the snow-squall passed by; the stars came out, white and cold overhead, and the horizon widened around them. And there on her port bow shone a strong steady white light, and on her starboard beam another white light which, as they looked, grew dim, flickered, and finally disappeared.

"We're in between Cape Sable and Seal Island," cried the mate. "Here, cook, take the wheel."

The mate took the bearing of the fixed light — that on Seal Island — and then that on Cape Sable which flamed up presently. Then he dove below, worked over the chart a few minutes, and hurried on deck.

"Keep her just as she goes," he said, glancing at the compass. "That'll take her into Pubnico fair as a die."

The ship was heading for harbor at last, with an able breeze behind her, a clear sky overhead, and a clear sea before. And the weary mate and weary crew breathed free. But she hadn't gone three miles — she hadn't sighted Pubnico light ere another snow-squall came yelling after her, shutting out everything a cable's length away.

"She's got to go in now, boys," the mate said, composedly. "If she makes the harbor, well and good; if she don't, we can't help it. We couldn't beat out of here now — against this gale — even if it wasn't thick as mud. Get forward there and overhaul your chain — fifteen fathoms on each cable — and see all clear for letting go. Then keep your eyes and ears peeled. There's a bell-buoy off Pubnico, an' we ought to get hold of it. She's heading for it now."

The ship, shrouded in impenetrable gloom, raced the seething seas. She was getting well inshore, but still no sound of a bell — no sound of anything save the whir of rushing snow and the all-pervading roar of the seething seas.

Suddenly — bur-r-r-r, ba-aam — oom — she struck something and trembled from truck to keel. But still she sped on her way. The mate, who was standing by the wheel, jumped two feet in the air, and the men came tearing aft.

The mate jerked the cook from the wheel, but what he intended to do did not transpire. Ere he could open his mouth — ere the frightened men reached the poop — a bell boomed, ding, dong, clang-clang, right over the counter, and a black spindle-legged shape rushed past and was swallowed in the gloom.

"Holy Moses! She hit the bell-buoy," cried the mate, in an ecstasy of relief; and, grasping the wheel, he kept her off a bit.

"Ho, boys, she's all right, now," he shouted cheerfully. "I know the way in now."

A wild rush through the smothering dark — a half hour or an age of slow-breathing suspense; then suddenly a blurred point of light, glimmering faintly through the flying snow on her beam, high up, and the loom and boom of breakers below; a cry from the men, a quick, reassuring answer from the mate; and then the schooner shot into smooth water.

"Lower away your foresail!" And then as the sail came down by the run: "Let go both anchors, boys!"

Presently the schooner checked, shuddering and complaining, on her cables, and lay quiet.

"Well, boys, she's in at last," said the mate, coming to the bows. "It was pretty good work hitting that buoy, wasn't it? Wonder if she hurt herself any? Get the ridin' light, cook, till I have a look. The rest of you try the pumps, if they're not froze up, and see if she has any water in her."

The mate took the light when the cook brought it and held it over the bows. Above the water-line she was sheathed with ice, but just between wind and water a sliver about three feet long had been gouged out of one of the planks — that was all the damage visible.

The mate, handing the light to the cook to hang up, went to the waist, and helped the men at the pumps. After a few strokes she sucked.

"She's all right, boys — tight as the church," said the mate. "Better take a drink and turn in now."

Young Jock McLean watched the men stagger forward, enter the galley, and close the door after them; then, reeling like a derelict in a seaway, he moved aft, tumbled down the companionway, and made for his berth. As he staggered towards his objective — blind to everything but it — he tripped over Sandy's unconscious form, and fell flat on the old man's breast bone.

The captain stirred, and, as the mate scrambled to his feet, opened his eyes and asked sleepily how she was heading.

"She's in Pubnico, sir," answered Jock, slowly collecting his wits. But the old man was fast asleep again.

The mate looked about him, realized that he had forgotten to close the companion, and, wearily retracing his steps, closed it. Then, seating himself on a locker, he tried to pull off his sea-boots, but his feet were so swollen with frost-bite he couldn't budge them. So, giving it up, he made an effort to get in his bunk, but his relaxed energies were not equal to the task of lifting himself up, and, falling back on the floor full length, he lay still.

"I'm in a bad way — a bad way," he muttered, whimsically, "but — but I guess I can afford to give up now."

And so, Jock McLean, only mate, having finished his work, went to sleep, and slept the clock twice around.

IN THE OPEN

BY

ARTHUR STRINGER

HAVE thrown the throttle open and am tearing down His track;
I have thrown it out to full-speed and no hand can hold me back!
'Tis my arm controls the engine, though Another owns the rail,
But for once I'm in the open and the yard-lights pass and pale!

Green lights! Red lights! He has hung His signals out!
Caution here! Danger ho! And what's the man about!
'Tis true he owns the Engine, to do as he has done,
But how about the Final Word — when he ends the run?

So from siding on to junction-point now I shall have my day;
I have stopped to read no orders but I take the right-of-way.
Down the open grade I thunder and around the curve I swing;
For my hand is on the throttle and my heart shall have its fling!

Light lost! Life lost! Flag, O flag the others back!
Switch the wreck! Ditch the wreck! Dare any block His track?
There creeps into the Terminal the man who had his day,
But I wonder, O my soul, just what his God will say!

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY: PART TWO

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN"

CHAPTER ONE

THE WAR ON THE REBATE

THE apathy and inaction which naturally flow from a great defeat lay over the Oil Regions of Northwestern Pennsylvania long after the compromise with Mr. John D. Rockefeller in 1880. Not even the news of the formation of the $70,000,000 trust in 1882 moved the country to more than hopeless grumbling. Eight years of War with a humiliating outcome had inspired them with the conviction that fighting was useless, that they were dealing with a power verging on the superhuman—a power carrying concealed weapons, fighting in the dark, and endowed with an altogether diabolic cleverness. Strange as the statement may appear, there is no disputing that by 1882 the Oil Regions as a whole looked on Mr. Rockefeller with superstitious awe. Their notion of him was very like that which the English common people had for Napoleon in the first part of the nineteenth century, which the peasants of Brittany have even to-day for the English—a dread power, cruel, omniscient, always ready to spring.

The Mystery of the Power

This attitude of mind, altogether abnormal in daring, impetuous and self-confident men, as those of the Oil Regions were, was based on something more than the series of bold and admirably executed attacks which had made Mr. Rockefeller master of the oil business. The first reason for it was the atmosphere of mystery in which Mr. Rockefeller had succeeded in enveloping himself. He seems by nature to dislike the public eye. In his early years his home, his office, and the Baptist church were practically the only places which saw him. He did not frequent clubs, theaters, public meetings. When his manœuvres began to bring public criticism upon him, his dislike of the public eye seems to have increased. He took a residence in New York, but he was unknown there save to those who did business with him or were interested in his church and charities. By the time the trust was organized his was perhaps the least familiar face in the Standard Oil Company. He never went to the Oil Regions and the Oil Regions said he was afraid to come, which might or might not have been true. Certainly the Oil Regions never hesitated to express opinions about him calculated to make a discreet man keep his distance.

Even in Cleveland, his home for twenty-five years, Mr. Rockefeller was believed to conceal himself from his townsmen. It is certain that the operations of his great business were guarded with the most jealous care. When the news of the great Standard combination was first spread abroad in 1882, the New York *Sun* sent an "experienced observer" to Cleveland to write up the concern. He speaks with amazement in his letters of the atmosphere of secrecy and mystery which he found enveloping everything connected with Mr. Rockefeller. You could not get an interview with him, the "Observer" complained; even his home papers had ceased to go to the Standard offices to

inquire about the truth of rumors which reached them from the outside. The hundreds of employees of the trust in the town were as silent as their master in all that concerned the business, and if one talked — well, he was not long an employee of Mr. Rockefeller. There was between the Standard Oil Company and the town and press of Cleveland none of the *camaraderie*, the mutual good-will and pride and confidence which usually characterize the relations between great businesses and their environment.

In Cleveland, as in the Oil Regions, Mr. Rockefeller's careful effort to cover up his intentions and his tracks had been at first met with jeers and blunt rebuffs, but he had finally succeeded in silencing and awing the people. It is worth noting that while all of the members of the Standard Oil Company followed Mr. Rockefeller's policy of saying nothing, there was no such popular dread of any other one of them. In the Oil Regions, for instance, there was a bitter hatred of the Standard Oil Company as an organization, but for the most part the people liked the men who served it, and certainly had no awe of them, for these men circulated freely among their fellow-townsmen; they were active in all the pleasures and enterprises of the communities in which they lived; they were generous, able, cordial, and whatever the people said of the concern they served, they generally qualified it by expressing their personal likings for the men themselves.

Fear of the Rockefeller Omniscience

A second reason for the popular dread of Mr. Rockefeller was that this man whom nobody saw and who never talked, knew everything — even unexpected and trivial things — and those who saw the effect of this knowledge and did not see how he could obtain it, regarded him as little short of an omniscient being. There was really nothing in the least occult about Mr. Rockefeller's omniscience. He obtained part of his knowledge of these people's affairs by a most extensive and thoroughly organized system of news gathering, such as any bright business man of wide sweep might properly employ. But he combined, with this perfectly legitimate work, most sordid methods of securing confidential information. Take, for instance, the following case recorded in the Federal trust investigation of 1888.

An Example of Standard Ethics

A Cleveland refiner, Mr. John Teagle, whose firm had had at one time a running arrangement with the Standard, testified in 1888 to a Congressional Committee, that one day in 1883 his bookkeeper came to him and told him that he had been approached by a brother of the secretary of the Standard Oil Company at Cleveland, who had asked him if he did not wish to make some money. The bookkeeper asked how, and after some talk he was informed that it would be by his giving information concerning the business of his firm to the Standard. The bookkeeper seems to have been a wary fellow, for he dismissed his interlocutor without arousing suspicion and then took the case to Mr. Teagle, who asked him to make some kind of an arrangement in order to find out just what information the Standard wanted. The man did this. For $25 down and a small sum per year he was to make a transcript of Mr. Teagle's daily shipments with net price received for the same; he was to tell what the cost of manufacturing in the refinery was; the amount of gasoline and naphtha made and the net price received for them; what was done with the tar; and what percentage of different grades of oil was made; also how much oil was exported. This information was to be mailed regularly to Box 164 of the Cleveland post-office. Mr. Teagle, who at that moment was hot on the tracks of the Standard in the courts, got an affidavit from the bookkeeper. This he took with the money which the clerk had received to the secretary of the Standard Oil Company and charged him with bribery. At first the gentleman denied having any knowledge of the matter, but he finally confessed and even took back the money. Mr. Teagle then gave the whole story to the newspapers where it, of course, made much noise.

It would be idle to suppose that Mr. Rockefeller himself had anything to do with this specific case, but, flagrant as it is, it is in perfect harmony with Mr. Rockefeller's conception of business ethics, as demonstrated by his signing of the South Improvement Company contracts. Those contracts, it will be remembered, required the railroads to send full details of every oil shipment

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY GEORGE VARIAN IN CLEVELAND, OCTOBER, 1903

made for outside concerns — quantity, quality, destination. It was equal to access to a company's private books. Certainly Mr. Rockefeller had all this information in 1877 when Mr. Cassatt revealed the relations between his road and the Standard — had to have it in order to collect the drawback he was getting on the oil shipments of outsiders. There is probably not an independent oil concern in the country today which does not fully believe that the Standard secures regular reports of its business by underhand methods.

Organized Espionage

Several gentlemen testified before the recent Industrial Commission to the belief that their business was under the constant espionage of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Theodore Westgate, an oil refiner of Titusville, told the Commission that all of his shipments were watched. The inference from his testimony was that the Standard Oil Company received reports direct from the freight houses. Mr. Lewis Emery, of Bradford, a life-long contestant of the Standard, declared that he knew his business was followed now in the same way as it was in 1872 under the South Improvement Company contract. He gave one or two instances from his own business experience to justify his statements, and he added that he could give many others if necessary. Mr. Gall, of Montreal, Canada, declared that these same methods were in operation in Canada. "When our tank-cars come in," Mr. Gall told the Commission, "the Standard Oil Company have a habit of sending their men, opening a tank-car, and taking a sample out to see what it contains." Mr. Gall declared that he knew this a long time before he was able to get a proof of it. He declared that they knew the number of cars that he shipped and the place to which they went, and that it was their habit to send salesmen after every shipment. The writer has repeatedly been told by men now or in the past employed in the freight department of different oil-carrying roads that reports of the amount and the destination of independent oil went regularly from their offices to representatives of the Standard Oil Company.

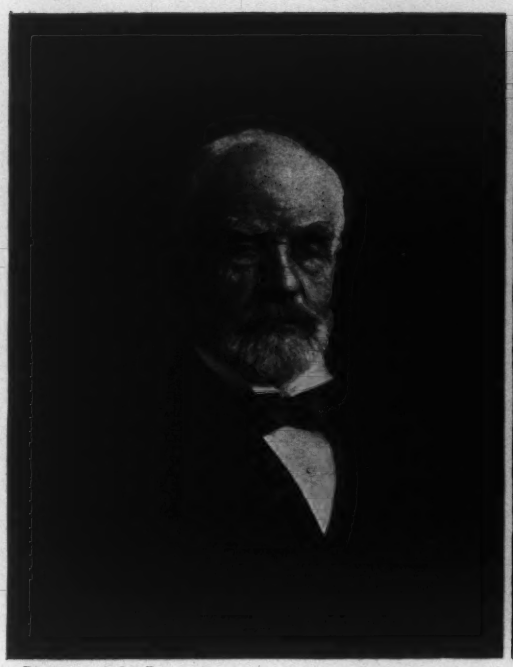
The Supernatural Proves Human

Certainly there is nothing of the transcendental in this kind of omniscience, and the feeling of supernaturalism which Mr. Rockefeller had inspired by 1882 has entirely evaporated since, as evidence of his methods has been circulated. The source was, however, long secret, and when again and again men who could hardly suppose their existence known to Mr. Rockefeller saw movements anticipated which they believed known only to themselves and their confidential agents, they began to dread him and to invest him with mysterious qualities. If Mr. Rockefeller had been as great a psychologist as he was business manipulator he would have realized that he was awakening a terrible popular dread and he would have foreseen that one day with the inevitable coming to light of his methods there would spring up about his name a crop of scorn which would choke any crop of dollars and donations which the wealth of the earth could produce.

The effect of this dread was deplorable, for it intensified the feeling, now widespread in the Oil Regions, that it was useless to make further effort at a combined resistance. And yet these men who were now lying too supine in Mr. Rockefeller's steel glove even to squirm, had laid the foundation of freedom in the Oil Business. It has taken thirty years to demonstrate the inestimable value of the efforts which in 1882 they regarded as futile — thirty years to build even a small structure on the foundation they had laid, though that much has been done.

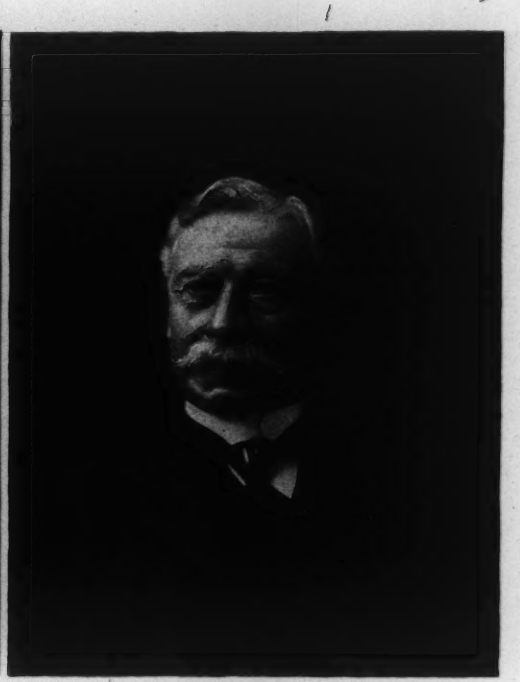
Two things the oil men had been working for — first, a sweeping judicial condemnation of the rebate system from the highest court. They believed the common law forbade the rebate system and that if a case could be fought through, the judgment would be so severe against the railroads that it would awe them into fair play. The railroad presidents knew as well as the oil men what the result of such a threshing-out of the question must be, and, as has been shown in the first part of this history, all their efforts were to prevent by compromise any case going through. So far they had been successful, the greatest of all the suits having been compromised in 1880.

The second object of the oil men was to obtain from Congress an enactment regulating interstate commerce. This was the only link lacking in the legal chain against unjust discrimination, they believed, and



Photograph by Edmondson

WILLIAM C. SCOFIELD



Photograph by Hayes

DANIEL SHURMER

Mr. Scofield and Mr. Shurmer were two of several young Englishmen who settled in Cleveland in the 40's and later became prominent in her business life. Both these men were among the first oil refiners of the town, Mr. Scofield belonging to the firm of Alexander Scofield & Company, and Mr. Shurmer to that of Clark, Shurmer & Company. In 1872 both these firms sold to the Standard Oil Company. Three years later Messrs. Scofield and Shurmer formed with John Teagle the firm whose experiences are related in this article. This firm continued in business for twenty-six years. In June, 1901, the business was sold for a cash consideration to parties who afterwards organized the Republic Oil Company of Cleveland, a business owned and controlled by the Standard Oil Company.

all their persistent and expensive efforts were to get evidence which would compel Congress to act. Indeed the Oil Regions' demand for Federal regulation of interstate commerce is almost contemporaneous with the Granger movement, generally regarded as the foundation of the Interstate Commerce Bill, and it was probably equally influential in securing it finally. The first movement was in 1872, when the Oil War broke out; the representatives of the Oil Regions in Congress introduced a resolution directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the South Improvement Company. Out of this grew an investigation and a report advising the regulation of interstate commerce.

The Windom Committee

Two years later a select committee of the United States Senate — the "Windom Committee" — was appointed to take testimony. It found an outrageous situation in interstate commerce and made sweeping recommendations. Among other things, this committee recommended that all rates, drawbacks, etc., be published at every point and no changes allowed in them without proper notification. It recommended the Bureau of Commerce which, in 1902, twenty-eight years later, was created. So serious did the Windom Committee consider the situation in 1874, that it made the following radical recommendations:

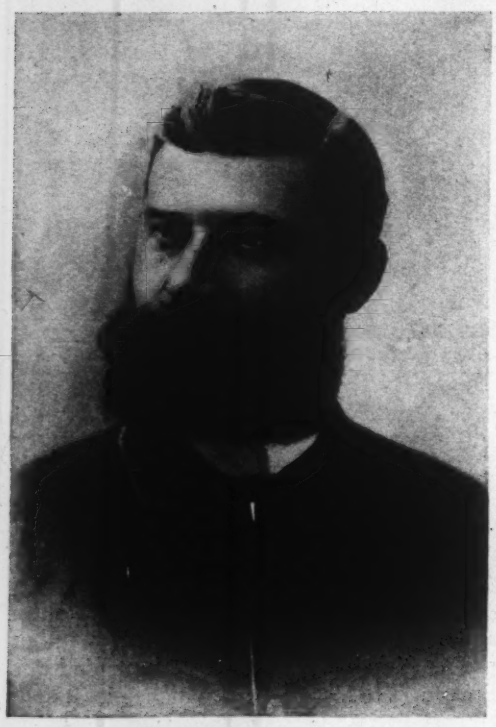
The only means of securing and maintaining reliable and effective competition between railways is through national or State ownership or control of one or more lines which, being unable to enter into combinations, will serve as a regulation of other lines.

One or more double-track freight-railways honestly and thoroughly constructed, owned or controlled by the Government, and operated at a low rate of speed, would doubtless be able to carry at a much less cost than can be done under the present system of operating fast and slow trains on the same road; and, being incapable of entering into combinations, would no doubt serve as a very valuable regulator of existing railroads within the range of their influence.*

*This latter idea seems to have originated with an honored friend of this Magazine, the late Gardiner G. Hubbard, of Washington, who presented to the same Congress — the forty-third — a memorial, petitioning for the construction by the Federal Government of such a double-track freight-road with maxium freight fixed by a commission.

Playing with the House

The report increased the popular demand for some sort of restrictive Federal legislation and opened the way for a bill presented in April, 1876, in the House of Representatives, by James H. Hopkins, of Pittsburg. Mr. Hopkins had before his eyes the uncanny fate of the independent oil interests of Pittsburg, some twenty-five factories in that town having been reduced to one in three



JOHN TEAGLE

When John Teagle came to Cleveland from England in 1871, he knew but one person in America, John Alexander, of the firm of Alexander Scofield & Company, oil refiners, Cleveland. Mr. Teagle worked for this firm until it sold out to the Standard in 1872. He then helped to organize the firm of Squires & Teagle, oil refiners. In 1875 he became one of the members of the firm of Scofield, Shurmer & Teagle.

and one-half years. He had seen the oil-refining business of the State steadily reduced, and he thought it high time that something was done. In aid of his bill a House investigation was asked. It was soon evident that the Standard was an enemy of this investigation. Through the efforts of a good friend of the organization — Congressman H. B. Payne, of Cleveland — the matter was referred to the Committee on Commerce, where a member of the Standard Oil Company, J. M. Camden, appeared as adviser of the chairman! Now the year before, 1875, as was shown in the first part of this history, Mr Rockefeller had completed contracts with the three great oil-bearing roads, giving him rebates on his shipments, with rates designed to protect him from "injury by competition." What Mr. Hopkins wanted was to compel the railroads and the Standard to give up these contracts. The Committee summoned the proper railroad officers, Messrs. Cassatt, Devereux and Rutter, and O. H. Payne, treasurer of the Standard Oil Company. Of the railroad men, only Mr. Cassatt appeared, and he refused to answer the questions asked or to furnish the documents demanded. Mr. Payne refused also to furnish the Committee with information. The oil men were rash and bitter as usual, and began their testimony by making assertions they could not prove. Among other things, Frank Rockefeller, then at odds with his brother John, charged Colonel Scott, of Pennsylvania, of sharing the Standard spoils. Colonel Scott wired the Committee:

> The papers of this morning publish that a man named Rockefeller stated before your committee that myself and other officers of this company were participants in rebates made to the Standard Oil Company. So far as the statement relates to myself and the officers of this company it is unqualifiedly false, and I have to ask that you will summon the officers of the Standard Oil Company, or any other parties that may have any knowledge of that subject, in order that such villainous and unwarranted statements may be corrected.

Inquiries Smothered

After this tilt the railroads were more obdurate than ever and they and the Standard soon succeeded in pigeon-holing the inquiry, and so ended the first Interstate Commerce Bill.

The second attempt to pass a bill like the first originated in the Oil Regions. When the Petroleum Producers' Union began their two years' campaign in December, 1877, they appointed a committee on transportation, of which E. G. Patterson was chairman. This committee immediately set about framing an Interstate Commerce Bill. Mr. George Hibbard, of Buffalo, was employed as counsel by the committee, and in conference with Mr. Patterson and Mr. Roger Sherman, the counsel of the Union, put their ideas into formal shape. This bill was introduced by a representative of the

Oil Regions, Hon. Lewis F. Watson, of Warren, early in 1878, and was first known as the Watson Bill, but later as the Reagan Bill. It was passed by the House of Representatives in December, 1878, and was smothered in the Senate.

Ebb of Independents' Hopes

The year of the disappearance of their bill was a trying one for the Producers' Union, the year of the conspiracy suit against Mr. Rockefeller resulting in the compromise of 1880. The Oil Region was left without heart for united effort, though an opportunity came at once, for no sooner was the compromise signed than General Benjamin F. Butler, incensed at the outcome of the oil men's fight, appeared before the House Committee on Commerce and made an eloquent plea for the investigation of the oil business and for legislation regulating transportation. General Butler knew something of the oil business. Four years before he had been employed by the Pennsylvania Transportation Company to take care of the legal side of their great undertaking — a seaboard pipe-line — and he had had a convincing experience of the Standard's power. He reviewed the history of the oil business — making a few minor mistakes in his historical facts — but never missing the big facts and leaving no doubt at all about his opinion of the Standard Oil Company. He presented the Committee with a pretty full collection of embarrassing testimony — calling particular attention to Mr. Cassatt's revelations in 1877, and demanded an investigation. He had no backing in the Oil Regions, however, and his appeal was the last made to Congress from the Oil Regions.

To the Charge Again

The situation was saved at this critical time by individuals scattered through the oil world who were resolved to test the validity of Mr. Rockefeller's claim that the coal oil business belonged to him. "We have a right to do an independent business," they said, "and we propose to do it." They began this effort by an attack on the weak spot in Mr. Rockefeller's armor.

The Weak Point in the Armor

The ten years just passed had taught them that the realization of Mr. Rockefeller's great purpose had been made possible by his remarkable manipulation of the railroads. It was the rebate which had made the Standard Oil trust, the rebate, amplified, systematized, glorified into a power never equaled before or since by any business of the country. The rebate had made the trust and the rebate, in spite of ten years of combination, Petroleum Associations, Producers' Unions, resolutions, suits in equity, suits in quo warranto, appeals to Congress, legislative investigations — the rebate still was Mr. Rockefeller's most effective weapon. If they could wrest it from his hand, they could do business. They had learned something else in this period — that the railroads feared exposure of discrimination, and could be made to settle rather than have their practices made public. This much the hated compromise of 1880 had demonstrated. Therefore, said these individuals, we propose to sue for rebates and collect charges until we make it so harassing and dangerous for the railroads that they will shut down on Mr. Rockefeller.

The Scofield-Shurmer-Teagle Case

The most interesting and certainly the most influential of these private cases was that of Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle, of Cleveland, a firm whose members had gone through the entire gamut of experiences forced on independents by Mr. Rockefeller's manœuvres. They were all in refining concerns of Cleveland which in 1872 had handed over their works to Mr. Rockefeller, when he notified them of the South Improvement Company's contracts. Mr. Shurmer declared once in an affidavit that he alone lost $20,000 by this manœuvre. The members of the firm had not stayed out of business, however. Recovering from the panic caused by the South Improvement Company, they had gone into business together in 1875, building a refinery worth $65,000 with a yearly capacity of 180,000 barrels of crude. On the first year's business they made $40,000. Now this was the period when Mr. Rockefeller began to make his famous running arrangements with independents, and early in July, 1876, he approached his Cleveland neighbors, Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle. He seems to have demonstrated to them that they could make more money under his plan than outside, and they signed a contract for a remarkable joint adventure. According to this document Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle put into the business a plant worth at that time

about $73,000 and their entire time. Mr. Rockefeller put in $10,000 and his rebates! That is, he secured for the firm the same preferential rates on their shipments that the Standard Oil Company enjoyed. The firm bound itself not to refine over 85,000 barrels a year and neither jointly nor separately to engage in any other form of oil business for ten years — the life of the contract. Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle were guaranteed a profit of $35,000 a year. Profits over $35,000 went to Mr. Rockefeller up to $70,000; any further profits were divided.

The Unholy Alliance

The making of this contract and its execution were attended by all the secret rites peculiar to Mr. Rockefeller's business ventures. It was signed at night at his house on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, where Mr. Rockefeller told the gentlemen that they must not tell even their wives about the new arrangement, that if they made money they must conceal it — they were not to drive fast horses, "put on style," or do anything to let people suspect there were unusual profits in oil refining. That would invite competition. They were told that all accounts were to be kept secret. Fictitious names were to be used in corresponding, and a special box at the post-office was employed for these fictitious characters. Matters seem to have gone on very well at first. The profits were enormous. Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle had made 34 cents a barrel out of their refinery the year before the "adventure." With the same methods of manufacture, and enjoying simply Mr. Rockefeller's control of transportation rates and the enhanced prices caused by limiting output, they made $2.52 a barrel the first year after. The dividends on 88,000 barrels this year were $222,047, against $41,000 in the year before. In four years Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle paid Mr. Rockefeller $315,345 on his investment of $10,000 — and rebates.

The Big Associate Wants More

After four years the Standard began to complain that their partners in the adventure were refining too much oil — the first year the books showed they had exceeded their 85,000 barrel limitation by nearly 3,000, the second year by 2,000, the third by 15,000, the fourth by 5,000. Dissatisfied, the Standard demanded that the firm pay them the entire profit upon the excess refined; for, claimed Mr. Rockefeller, our monopoly is so perfect that we would have sold the excess if you had not broken the contract, consequently the profits belong to us. Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle paid half the profit on the excess, but refused more, and they persisted in exceeding their quota; then Mr. Rockefeller, controlling by this time the crude supply in Cleveland through ownership of the pipe-lines, shut down on their crude supply. If they would not obey the contract of their own will they could not do business. The firm seems not to have been frightened. "We are sorry that you refuse to furnish us crude oil as agreed," they wrote Mr. Rockefeller; "we do not regard the limitation of 85,000 barrels as binding upon us, and as we have a large number of orders for refined oil we must fill them, and if you refuse to furnish us crude oil on the same favorable terms as yourselves, we shall get it elsewhere as best we can and hold you responsible for its difference in cost."

Mr. Rockefeller's reply was a prayer for an injunction against the members of the firm, restraining them individually and collectively "from distilling at their said works at Cleveland, Ohio, more than 85,000 barrels of crude petroleum of forty-two gallons each in every year, and also from distilling any more than 42,500 barrels of crude petroleum of forty-two gallons each, each and every six months, and also from distilling any more crude petroleum until the expiration of six months from and after July 20, 1880, and also from directly and indirectly engaging in or being concerned in any business connected with petroleum or any of its products except in connection with the plaintiff under their said agreement *

* Mr. Rockefeller's petition contains this complaint: "The plaintiff further says that since the making of said agreement and within the past year, the said Daniel Shurmer and John Teagle have in violation of their said contract engaged and been connected in constructing a refinery at Buffalo, N. Y., for the purpose of distilling crude petroleum with others than the plaintiff under said agreement and are now so engaged. That within the past year the said Daniel Shurmer and John Teagle and each of them have invested money to the amount of $10,000, and are now engaged and connected in constructing refineries for the purpose of distilling crude petroleum and its products with others in no way connected with the plaintiff or under said agreement, but intending thereby to establish and prosecute with others the same business as that contemplated and conducted under said agreement, and thereby establishing and conducting a rival business to the business of said adventure and tending to involve the plaintiff in loss by reason of its guaranty that the profits of said adventure should amount to the sum of thirty-five thousand dollars annually to defendants and have during the past year been at said Buffalo and other places giving the said business their time and personal attention, and have done so at times when their time and personal attention were needed and were requisite to properly conduct the business of said adventure under said agreement at Cleveland."

and that on the final hearing of this case the said defendants may in like manner be restrained and enjoined from doing any of said acts until the expiration of said agreement and for such other and further relief in the premises as equity can give."

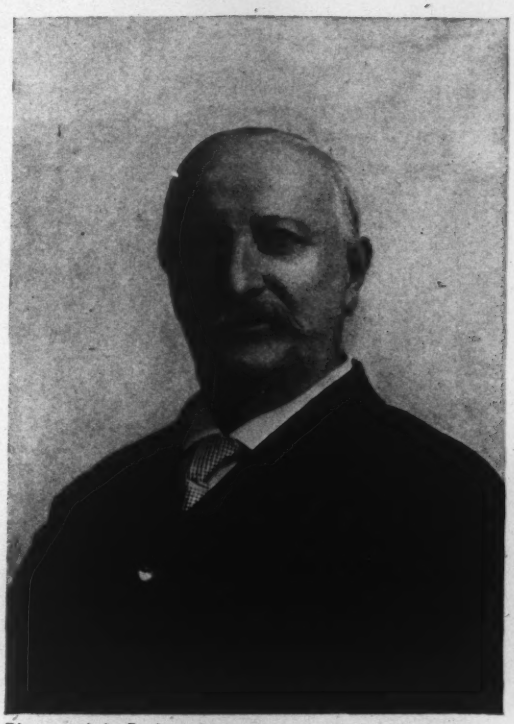
The Little Associate Fights

Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle did not hesitate to take up the gauntlet, and a remarkable defense they made. It was planned along the line of the prosecution begun by the Producers' Union in Clarion County, Pennsylvania, in 1879, and dropped by the compromise of 1880. Judge Stanley Matthews argued the case for Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle, and his summing up of this amazing "adventure" made food for weeks for the daily press. Naturally, the Judge before whom this extraordinary case came refused to enforce the contract. It was a restraint of trade, contrary to the public good, he claimed.

The Rebate System in Court

Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle were now obliged to stand on their own feet. They could refine all the oil they wished but they must make their own freight contracts, and they found rates when you worked with Mr. Rockefeller were vastly different from rates when you competed with him. The agents of the Lake Shore Railroad, by which most of their shipments went, told them frankly that they could not have the rates of the Standard unless they give the same volume of business, and the firm finally took the matter into court.

This case, fought through all the courts of Ohio and in 1886 taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, is one of the clearest and cleanest in existence for studying all the factors in the rebate problem: the argument and pressure by which the big shipper secures and keeps his advantage, the theory and defense of the railroad in granting the discrimination, the theory on which the suffering small shipper protests, and finally the law's point of view. The first trial of the case was in the Court of Common Pleas and the refiners won. The railroad then appealed to the District Court (the present Circuit Court), where it was argued. So "important and difficult" did the judges of the District Court find the questions involved to be that on the plea



Photograph by Rockwood

GEORGE RICE

Several of the most important cases on record involving questions of discrimination by the railroads in oil freight, have been brought by Mr. Rice, a practical oil man since 1865. He has experienced every phase of the struggle of the independent effort and he has repeatedly taken what he regarded as his wrongs into court. Mr. Rice has also compiled several pamphlets of testimony setting forth the methods of the Standard Oil Company in dealing with competitors.

of the railroad they sent their findings of the facts in the case to the Supreme Court of the State for decision — a privilege they had under the law in force at that time.

In the Supreme Court

These findings are elaborate, including some twenty-three propositions. They have been confused by certain writers with the *opinion* on them given later by the Supreme Court; for instance, in an economic study recently published — "The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company," by Gilbert Holland Montague — the twlefth and thirteenth and part of the fourteenth propositions which the District Court sent up to the Supreme Court in its "findings of facts" are quoted separately, and the inference from the context is that the writer supposed he was citing part of the court's *opinion*. As the reader will see from what follows, the paragraphs

Photograph from the collection of Robert Coster

BENJAMIN BUTLER

General Butler was employed in 1876 by the Pennsylvania Transportation Company as counsel in its seaboard pipe-line project, and he made full reports on the legal questions involved. From that time he was an aggressive champion of independent oil interests.

in question are important, for, taken as Mr. Montague quotes them, they seem to show that the rebate the Standard received and which Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle wanted was on account of facilities it gave which the other refiners could not give. The citation made by Mr. Montague reads as follows:

"The Court further find, that prior to 1875 it was a question whether the Standard Oil Company would remain in Cleveland or remove its works to the oil-producing country, and such question depended mainly upon rates of transportation from Cleveland to market; that prior thereto said Standard Company did ship large quantities of its products by water to Chicago and other lake points, and from thence distributed the same by rail to inland markets; that it then represented to defendant the probability of such removal; that water transportation was very low during the season of navigation; that unless some arrangement was made for rates at which it could ship the year round as an inducement it would ship by water and store for winter distribution; that it owned its tank-cars and had tank stations and switches, or would have at Chicago, Toledo, Detroit and Grand Rapids, on and into which the cars and oil in bulk could be delivered and unloaded without expense and annoyance to defendant; that it had switches at Cleveland leading to its works at which to load cars, and would load and unload all cars; that the quantity of oil to be shipped by the company was very large, and amounted to 90 per cent. or more of all the oil manufactured or shipped from Cleveland, and that if satisfactory rates could be agreed upon it would ship over defendant's road all its oil products for territory and markets west and northwest of Cleveland, and agree that the quantity for each year should be equal to the amount shipped the preceding year; that upon the faith of these representations the defendant did enter into the contract and arrangement substantially as set forth in defendant's answer; that the rates were not fixed rates, but depended upon the general card tariff rates as charged from time to time, but substantially to be carried from time to time for about ten cents per barrel less than tariff rates, and, in consideration of such reduced rates as to bulk oil, the Standard Company agreed to furnish its own cars and tanks, load them on switches at distributing points, and unload them into distributing tanks, and was also to load and unload oil shipped in barrels, and without expense to defendant, and with, by reason thereof, less risk to defendant, which entered into the consideration, and was also to ship all its freight to points west and northwest of Cleveland, except small quantities, to lake ports not reached by rail, and to so manage the shipments, as to cars and times, as would be most favorable to defendant; that defendant then agreed to said terms; that said agreement so made in 1875 has remained in force ever since.

"That, at a cost exceeding $100,000, said Standard Company had and constructed the terminal facilities promised and herein found; that, in fact, the risk of danger from fire to defendant, the expense of handling, in loading and unloading, and in the use of the Standard tank-cars is less (but how much the testimony does not show) than upon oil shipped without the use of such or similar terminal facilities; that said Standard Company commenced by shipping about 450,000 barrels a year over defendant's road, which increased from year to year, until, in 1882, the year before filing the petition in this action, the quantity so shipped on defendant's road amounted to 742,000 barrels, equal to 2,000 barrels or one full train-load per day.

"That said arrangement was not exclusive but was at all times open to others shipping a like quantity and furnishing like service and facilities; that it was not made or continued with any intention on the part of the defendant to injure the plaintiffs in any manner."

Rebate Is Discrimination, Says Court

Now, as a matter of fact, other propositions in this same set from which the above are quoted, find that Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle offered the railroad exactly the same facilities as the Standard, a switch, loading racks, exemption from loss by fire or accident. "The only thing to distinguish the business of the one from the other was the aggregate yearly amounts of freight

shipped," said Judge Atherton, of the Supreme Court, who gave the decision on the findings of fact, and he held in common with his predecessors that a rebate on account of volume of business only, was "a discrimination in favor of capital," and "contrary to a sound public policy, violation of that equality of right guaranteed to every citizen and a wrong to the disfavored person." Judge Atherton was scathing enough in his opinion of the contract between the Lake Shore and the Standard. "Look at it," he said, "and see just what is shown. In consideration of the company giving to the railroad its entire freight business in oil, they transport this freight about ten cents a barrel cheaper than for any other customer. This understanding was to keep the price *down* for the favored customer, but *up* for all others, and the inevitable tendency and effect of this contract was, to enable the Standard Oil Company to establish and maintain an overshadowing monopoly, to ruin all other operators and drive them out of business in all the region supplied by the defendant's road, its branches and connecting lines."

Judge Atherton's Scathing Opinion

Judge Atherton was particularly hard on the portion of the contract which pledged the Standard to give the Lake Shore *all* its freight in return for the rebates, and for this reason: In 1883 a new road westward was opened from Cleveland, the New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis. It might become an active competitor in transporting petroleum for customers other than the Standard Oil Company. It might establish such a tariff of rates that other operators in oil might successfully compete with the Standard Oil Company. To prevent this, the Lake Shore road, on the completion of the new road, entered into a tariff arrangement giving to it a portion of the westward shipments of the Standard Oil Company, on condition of its uniting in carrying out the understanding in regard to rebates to the Standard Oil Company. "How peculiar!" exclaimed Judge Atherton. "The defendant by a contract made in 1875 was entitled to all the freights of the Standard Oil Company, and yet, say the District Court, 'for the purpose of securing the *greater part* of said trade,' they entered into a contract to divide with the new railroad, if the latter would only help to keep the rates *down* for the Standard and *up* for everybody else."

"Rebate Contracts Contrary to Honesty"

Such a contract so carried out was, in the opinion of this Court, "not only contrary to a sound public policy, but to the lax demands of the commercial honesty and ordinary methods of business."

Another fact found by the District Court incensed Judge Atherton. This was that the contract "was not made or continued with any intention on the part of the defendant to injure the plaintiffs in any manner." It does not "make any difference in the case," he declared. "The plaintiffs were not doing business in 1875, when the contract was entered into, and, of course, it was not made to injure them in particular. If a man rides a dangerous horse into a crowd of people, or discharges loaded firearms among them, he might, with the same propriety, select the man he injures, and say he had no intention of wounding him. And yet the law holds him to have intended the probable consequences of his unlawful act as fully as if purposely directed against the innocent victim, and punishes him accordingly. And this contract, made to build up a monopoly for the Standard Oil Company and drive its competitors from the field, is just as unlawful as if its provisions had been aimed directly against the interests of the plaintiffs."

Having lost their case in the Supreme Court of the State, the Lake Shore now appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States and the record was filed in November, 1886. It was never heard; the railroad evidently concluded it was useless and finally withdrew its petition, thereby accepting the decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio restraining if from further discrimination against Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle.

Feeling for Drastic Legislation

This case which was before the public constantly during the six or seven years following the breaking up of the Producers' Union, in which the Oil Regions presented no united front to Mr. Rockefeller, served to keep public attention on the ruinous effect of the rebate and to strengthen the feeling that drastic legislation must be taken if Mr. Rockefeller's exploit was to be prevented in other industries.

One other case came out in this war of individuals on the rebate system which heightened the popular indignation against the Standard. It was a case showing that the Standard Oil Company had not yet abandoned that unique feature of its railroad contracts by which a portion of the money which other people paid for their freight was handed over to them! This peculiar development of the rebate system seems to have belonged exclusively to Mr. Rockefeller. Indeed, a careful search of all the tremendous mass of materials which the various investigations of railroads have produced shows no other case — so far as the writer knows — of this practice. It was the clause of the South Improvement contracts which provoked the greatest outcry. It was the feature of Mr. Cassatt's revelations in 1877 which dumfounded the public and which no one would believe until they saw the actual agreements Mr. Cassatt presented. The Oil Regions as a whole did not hesitate to say that they believed this practice was still in operation, but, naturally, proof was most difficult to secure. The demonstration came in 1885, through one of the most aggressive and violent independents which the war in oil has produced, Mr. George Rice, of Marietta, Ohio. Mr. Rice, an oil producer, had built a refinery at Marietta in 1873. He sold his oil in the State, the West, and South. Six years later his business was practically stopped by a sudden raise in rates on the Ohio roads — an advance of fully 100 per cent. being made on freights from Marietta, where there were several independent refineries, although no similar advance was made from Wheeling and Cleveland, where the Standard refineries were located. These discriminations were fully shown in an investigation by the Ohio State Legislature in 1879. From that time on Mr. Rice was in constant difficulty about rates. He seems to have taken rebates when he could get them, but he could never get anything like what his big competitors got.

To What Point the Railroads "Worked In"

In 1883 Mr. Rice began to draw the crude supply for his refinery from his own production in the Macksburg field of Southeastern Ohio, not far from Marietta. The Standard had not at that time taken its pipe-lines into the Macksburg field and the oil was gathered by a line owned by a Mr. A. J. Brundred, and carried to the Cincinnati and Marietta Railroad. Now, Mr. Brundred had made a contract with this railroad by which his oil was to be carried for fifteen cents a barrel and all other shippers were to pay thirty cents. Rice, who conveyed his oil to the railroad by his own pipe-line, got a rate of twenty-five cents by using his own tank-car. Later he succeeded in getting a rate of seventeen and one-half cents. Thus the rebate system was established on this road from the opening of the Macksburg field. In 1883 the Standard Oil Company took their line into the field and soon after Brundred retired from the pipe-line business there. When he went out he tried to sell the Standard people his contract with the railroad but they refused it. They describe this contract as the worst they ever saw, but they seem to have gone Mr. Brundred one better, for they immediately contracted with the road for a rate of ten cents on their own oil, instead of the fifteen cents he was getting, and a rate of thirty-five on independent oil. And in addition they asked that the extra twenty-five cents the independent paid *be turned over to them!* If this was not done the Standard would be under the painful necessity of taking away its shipments and building pipe-lines to Marietta. The Cincinnati and Marietta Railroad at that time was in the hands of a receiver — described as a "fussy old gentleman proud of his position and fond of riding up and down the road in his private car." It is probably a good description. Certainly it is evident from what follows that the receiver was much "fussed up" ethically. Anxious to keep up the income of his road, he finally consented to the arrangement the Standard demanded. But he was worried lest his immoral arrangement be dragged into court, and wrote to his counsel asking if there was any way of evading conviction in case of discovery.

Touching Scruples of a Receiver

"Upon my taking possession of this road," the receiver wrote, "the question came up as to whether I would agree to carry the Standard Company's oil to Marietta for ten cents per barrel, in lieu of their laying a pipe-line and piping their oil. I, of course, assented to this, as the matter had been fully talked over with the Western and Lake Erie Railroad Company before my taking possession of the road, and I wanted all the revenue that could be had in this trade.

"Mr. O'Day, manager of the Standard Oil Company, met the general freight agent of the W. and L. E. Railroad and our Mr. Terry, at Toledo, about February 12th, and made an agreement (verbal) to carry their oil at ten cents per barrel. But Mr. O'Day compelled Mr. Terry to make a thirty-five cents rate on all other oil going to Marietta, and that we should make the rebate twenty-five cents per barrel on all oil shipped by other parties, and that the rebate should be paid over to them (the Standard Oil Company), thus giving us ten cents per barrel for all oil shipped to Marietta, and the rebate of twenty-five cents per barrel going to the Standard Oil Company, making that company, say $25 per day, clear money on Mr. George Rice's oil alone.

"In order to save the oil trade along our line, and especially to save the Standard oil trade, which would amount to seven times as much as Mr. Rice's, Mr. Terry verbally agreed to the arrangement, which, upon his report to me, I reluctantly acquiesced in, feeling that I could not afford to lose the shipment of seven hundred barrels per day from the Standard Oil Company. But when Mr. Terry issued instructions that on and after February 23d the rate of oil would be thirty-five cents per barrel to Marietta, Mr. George Rice, who has a refinery in Marietta, very naturally called on me yesterday and notified me that he would not submit to the advance, because the business would not justify it, and that the move was made by the Standard Oil Company to crush him out. (Too true.) Mr. Rice said: 'I am willing to continue the seventeen and a half cents rate which I have been paying from December to this date.'

"Now, the question naturally presents itself to my mind, if Mr. George Rice should see fit to prosecute the case on the ground of unjust discrimination, would the receiver be held, as the manager of property, for violation of the law? While I am determined to use all honorable means to secure traffic for the company, I am not willing to do an illegal act (if this can be called illegal), and lay this company liable for damages. Mr. Terry is able to explain all minor questions relative to this matter."

The Scruples Quieted

The counsel "fixed it" for the receiver in the following amazing decision:

You may, with propriety, allow the Standard Oil Company to charge twenty-five cents per barrel for all oil transported through their pipes to your road; and I understand from Mr. Terry that it is practicable to so arrange the details that the company can, in effect, collect this direct without its passing through your hands. You may agree to carry all such oil of the Standard Oil Company, or of others, delivered to your road through their pipes, at ten cents per barrel. You may also charge all other shippers thirty-five cents per barrel freight, *even though they deliver oil to your road through their own pipes;* and this, I gather from your letter and from Mr. Terry, would include Mr. Rice.

The Arrangement Resulting

Now how was this to be done "with propriety"?—Simply enough. The Standard Oil Company was to be charged ten cents per barrel, less an amount equivalent to twenty-five cents per barrel upon all oil shipped by Rice. "Provided your accounts, bills, vouchers, etc., are consistent with the real arrangement actually made, you will incur no personal responsibility by carrying out such an arrangement as I suggest."

Even in case the receiver was discovered nothing would happen to ***him***, so decided the counsel. "It is possible that, by a proper application to the court, some person may prevent you, in future, from permitting any discrimination. Even if Mr. Rice should compel you, subsequently, to refund to him the excess charge over the Standard Oil Company, the result would not be a loss to your road, taking into consideration the receipts from the Standard Oil Company."

What the Courts Thought of It

When Mr. Rice found that the rate of thirty-five cents was really to be enforced, he stored his oil at Macksburg and built a pipe-line of his own from his wells to the Muskegon River, whence he shipped it by barge to Marietta. Some time later, through the continued agitation of Mr. Rice, the case got into court and the correspondence quoted from above was made public. The judge before whom the case was tried, held it to be such a gross and wanton discrimination on the part of the receiver as to require his removal. A master was also appointed by the court to inquire into the sums collected from Rice and paid to the Standard, and the money was ordered refunded. The sum refunded was small, less than $300, for Mr. Rice has always been too belligerent a gentleman to submit long to an extortion. The smallness of the sum has of course nothing to do with the matter. The vital thing is that the Standard Oil Company at that period, 1885, still included in its policy the outrageous demand that railroads should pay it drawbacks on oil shipped for a competitor. How general this practice was in 1885 there is no documentary proof. It is certain that in 1877 it prevailed on the Central, Erie, and Pennsylvania roads. It is certain that the policy continued in 1885—how long afterwards there is no evidence to show. In this case the Standard has explained the thirty-five cents charge on all oil except their own, made by the railroads, as a through charge from the wells covering

both pipage and rail and the twenty-five cents paid them as not a rebate but a pipage charge. Of course this explanation cannot apply to Mr. Rice's case, for his oil, as has been admitted by Mr. O'Day in his testimony before the Federal Committee in 1888 on this case, was not run through the Standard pipes.

A Bit of Damning Testimony

Q. But did that other oil which was in competition with you pass through your pipe?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did not they, therefore, on that oil which only passed over their railroad and not through your pipe-line, pay to you the same allowance or rebate that they did on your oil which did pass?

A. They did, but we returned it through the advice of our counsel, Mr. Dodd.

Q. Now, out of that sum how much did you get from the railroad out of what they had received from Mr. Rice?

A. We did not get any; that is, we did not retain any. The railroad company agreed to account to us for the oil that went over its lines, and they did make an accounting to my recollection of about $200, or something like that, on oil other than that which passed through our lines. Our counsel, Mr. Dodd, advised me that we could not do that business, and we refunded the money.

The Cullom Committee

It was such cases as these of Scofield, Shurmer and Teagle, and of George Rice, amply reported and commented on by the press, that kept Mr. Rockefeller's peculiar relations to the railroads before the public and helped emphasize the necessity for some Federal restrictions in interstate commerce. Reiterated demands for relief had been coming to Congress for many years now—East, West, North, South sought help from the injustice of the railroads. The Granger movement had had tremendous effect—the fate of the independent oil men was familiar the country over. In March, 1885, the Senate of the United States at last responded to the people's appeal and appointed a select committee of five—the Cullom Committee—to investigate the subject of interstate commerce. There was no question in anybody's mind that this investigation would result in some sort of Federal regulation. What did Mr. Rockefeller do in this emergency? Only what he could safely and easily do through the political department of the Standard Oil Company. It was not necessary for him to make a big fight on the Interstate Commerce Bill. He could afford to see it pass undismayed. He was ready for it.

Rockefeller's Audacious Change of Base

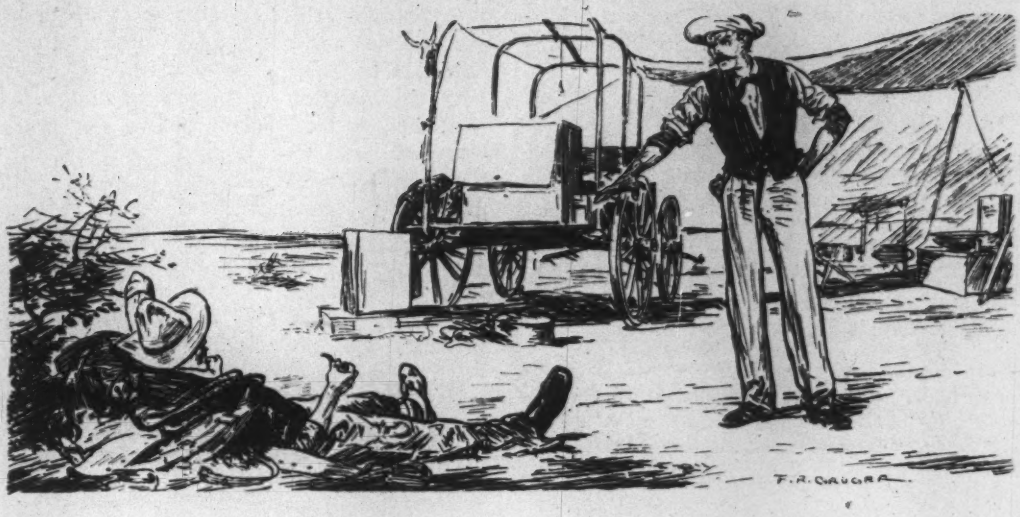
By one of those audacious and splendid strokes which characterize his career he had practically freed himself from the railroads which had made him, and by the time the Interstate Commerce Bill was passed and the railroads ordered to desist discrimination, Mr. Rockefeller was using another kind of oil transportation. The legislation which the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania had demanded for fifteen years in hope of securing an equal chance in transportation had come too late. The pipe had replaced the rail as the great oil carrier, and the pipes were not merely under Mr. Rockefeller's control as the rails had been; they belonged to him. It was little wonder then that the passage of the great bill did not ruffle his serenity. The Oil Regions realized the situation, so tragic in its irony, as fully as Mr. Rockefeller did. They realized it with an exasperation almost uncontrolled. It was evident enough indeed to the discerning at the very moment of the passage of the bill that a new oil war was imminent, and that it was to be fought over the pipe-line.

(To be continued)

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

BY EMERY POTTLE

STRANGE, we so toil to fashion for our unseen ends
The splendours that the tarnish of this world doth mar,—
Such palaces that crumble to a ruined age,
Such garbled memories upon Fame's fragile page,—
When all the lasting glory of our life depends
Upon a little Child, a stable, and a star.



THE PIMIENTA PANCAKES

BY

O. HENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

WHILE we were rounding up a bunch of the Triangle-O cattle in the Frio bottoms a projecting branch of a dead mesquite caught my wooden stirrup and gave my ankle a wrench that laid me up in camp for a week.

On the third day of my compulsory idleness I crawled out near the grub wagon, and reclined helpless under the conversational fire of Judson Odom, the camp cook. Jud was a monologist by nature, whom Destiny, with customary blundering, had set in a profession wherein he was bereaved, for the greater portion of his time, of an audience.

Therefore, I was manna in the desert of Jud's obmutescence.

Betimes I was stirred by invalid longings for something to eat that did not come under the caption of "grub." I had visions of the maternal pantry "deep as first love, and wild with all regret," and then I asked:

"Jud, can you make pancakes?"

Jud laid down his six-shooter, with which he was preparing to pound an antelope steak, and stood over me in what I felt to be a menacing attitude. He further indorsed my impression that his pose was resentful by fixing upon me with his light blue eyes a look of cold suspicion.

"Say, you," he said, with candid, though not excessive choler, "did you mean that straight, or was you trying to throw the gaff into me? Some of the boys been telling you about me and that pancake racket?"

"No, Jud," I said, sincerely, "I meant it. It seems to me I'd swap my pony and saddle for a stack of buttered brown pancakes with some first crop, open kettle New Orleans sweetening. Was there a story about pancakes?"

Jud was mollified at once when he saw that I had not been dealing in allusions. He brought some mysterious bags and tin boxes from the grub wagon and set them in the shade of the hackberry where I lay reclined. I watched him as he began to arrange them leisurely and untie their many strings.

"No, not a story," said Jud, as he worked, "but just the logical disclosures in the case of me and that pink-eyed

snoozer from Mired Mule Cañada and Miss Willella Learight. I don't mind telling you.

"I was punching then for Old Bill Toomey, on the San Miguel. One day I gets all ensnared up in aspirations for to eat some canned grub that hasn't ever mooed or baaed or grunted or been in peck measures. So, I gets on my bronc and pushes the wind for Uncle Emsley Telfair's

"AN IMPORTED GIRL WITH FIXINGS ON"

store at the Pimienta Crossing on the Nueces.

"About three in the afternoon I throwed my bridle rein over a mesquite limb, and walked the last twenty yards into Uncle Emsley's store. I got up on the counter and told Uncle Emsley that the signs pointed to the devastation of the fruit crop of the world. In a minute I had a bag of crackers and a long-handled spoon, with an open can each of apricots and pineapples and cherries and green gages beside of me, with Uncle Emsley busy chopping away with the hatchet at the yellow clings. I was feeling like Adam before the apple stampede, and was digging my spurs into the side of the counter and working with my twenty-four-inch spoon when I happened to look out of the window into the yard of Uncle Emsley's house, which was next to the store.

"There was a girl standing there — an imported girl with fixings on — philandering with a croquet maul and amusing herself by watching my style of encouraging the fruit canning industry.

"I slid off the counter and delivered up my shovel to Uncle Emsley.

"'That's my niece,' says he; 'Miss Willella Learight, down from Palestine on a visit. Do you want that I should make you acquainted?'

"'The Holy Land,' I says to myself, my thoughts milling some as I tried to run 'em into the corral. 'Why not? There was sure angels in Pales— Why, yes, Uncle Emsley,' I says out loud, 'I'd be awful edified to meet Miss Learight.'

"So Uncle Emsley took me out in the yard and gave us each other's entitlements.

"I never was shy about women. I never could understand why some men who can break a mustang before breakfast and shave in the dark, get all left-handed and full of perspiration and excuses when they see a bolt of calico draped around what belongs in it. Inside of eight minutes me and Miss Willella was aggravating the croquet balls around as amiable as second cousins. She gave me a dig about the quantity of canned fruit I had eaten, and I got back at her, flat-footed, about how a certain lady named Eve started the fruit trouble in the first free-grass pasture — 'Over in Palestine, wasn't it?' says I, as easy and pat as roping a one-year-old.

"That was how I acquired cordiality for the proximities of Miss Willella Learight: and the disposition grew larger as time passed. She was stopping at Pimienta Crossing for her health, which was very good, and for the climate, which was forty per cent. hotter than Palestine. I rode over to see her once every week for a while; and then I figured it out that if I doubled the number of trips I would see her twice as often.

"'AFTERNOON!' SAYS I TO HIM"

"One week I slipped in a third trip; and that's where the pancakes and the pink-eyed snoozer busted into the game.

"That evening, while I set on the counter with a peach and two damsons in my mouth, I asked Uncle Emsley how Miss Willella was.

"'Why,' says Uncle Emsley, 'she's gone riding with Jackson Bird, the sheep man from over at Mired Mule Cañada.'

"I swallowed the peach seed and the two damson seeds. I guess somebody held the counter by the bridle while I got off; and then I walked out straight ahead till I butted against the mesquite where my roan was tied.

"'She's gone riding,' I whispers in my bronc's ear, 'with Birdstone Jack, the hired mule from Sheep Man's Cañada. Did you get that, old Leather-and-Gallops?'

"That bronc of mine wept, in his way. He'd been raised a cow pony and he didn't care for snoozers.

"I went back and said to Uncle Emsley: 'Did you say a sheep man?'

"'I said a sheep man,' says Uncle again. 'You must have heard tell of Jackson Bird. He's got eight sections of grazing and four thousand head of the finest Cotswolds south of the Arctic Circle.'

"I went out and sat on the ground in the shade of the store and leaned against a prickly pear. I sifted sand into my boots with unthinking hands while I soliloquized a quantity about this bird with the Jackson plumage to his name.

"I never had believed in harming sheep men. I see one, one day, reading a Latin grammar on hossback, and I never touched him! They never irritated me like they do most cowmen. You wouldn't go to work now, and impair and disfigure snoozers, would you, that eat on tables and wear little shoes and speak to you on subjects? I had always let 'em pass, just as you would a jack-rabbit; with a polite word and a guess about the weather, but no stopping to swap canteens. I never thought it was worth while to be hostile with a snoozer. And because I'd been lenient, and let 'em live, here was one going around riding with Miss Willella Learight!

"An hour by sun they come loping back, and stopped at Uncle Emsley's gate. The sheep person helped her off; and they stood throwing each other sentences all sprightful and sagacious for a while. And then this feathered Jackson flies up in his saddle and raises his little stewpot of a hat, and trots off in the direction of his mutton ranch. By this time I had turned the sand out of my boots and unpinned myself from the prickly pear; and by the time he gets half a mile out of Pimienta, I singlefoots up beside him on my bronc.

"I said that snoozer was pink-eyed, but he wasn't. His seeing arrangement was gray enough, but his eyelashes was pink and his hair was sandy, and that gave you the idea. Sheep man?—he wasn't more than a lamb man, anyhow—a little thing with his neck involved in a yellow silk

handkerchief, and shoes tied up in bow-knots.

"'Afternoon!' says I to him. 'You now ride with a equestrian who is commonly called Dead-Moral-Certainty Judson, on account of the way I shoot. When I want a stranger to know me I always introduce myself before the draw, for I never did like to shake hands with ghosts.'

"'Ah,' says he, just like that—'Ah, I'm glad to know you, Mr. Judson. I'm Jackson Bird, from over at Mired Mule Ranch.'

"Just then one of my eyes saw a road-runner skipping down the hill with a young tarantula in his bill, and the other eye noticed a rabbit-hawk sitting on a dead limb in a water-elm. I popped over one after the other with my forty-five, just to show him. 'Two out of three,' says I. 'Birds just naturally seem to draw my fire wherever I go.'

"'Nice shooting,' says the sheep man, without a flutter. 'But don't you sometimes ever miss the third shot? Elegant fine rain that was last week for the young grass, don't you think, Mr. Judson?' says he.

"'Willie,' says I, riding over close to his palfrey, 'your infatuated parents may have denounced you by the name of Jackson, but you sure molted into a twittering Willie—let us slough off this here analysis of rain and the elements, and get down to talk that is outside the vocabulary of parrots. That is a bad habit you have got of riding with young ladies over at Pimienta. I've known birds,' says I, 'to be served on toast for less than that. Miss Willella,' says I, 'don't ever want any nest made out of sheep's wool by a tomtit of the Jacksonian branch of ornithology. Now, are you going to quit, or do you wish for to gallop up against this Dead-Moral-Certainty attachment to my name, which is good for two hyphens and at least one set of funeral obsequies?'

"Jackson Bird flushed up some, and then he laughed.

"'Why, Mr. Judson,' says he, 'you've got the wrong idea. I've called on Miss Learight a few times; but not for the purpose you imagine. My object is purely a gastronomical one.'

"I reached for my gun.

"'Any coyote,' says I, 'that would boast of dishonorable——'

"'Wait a minute,' says this Bird, 'till I explain. What would I do with a wife? If you ever saw that ranch of mine! I do my own cooking and mending. Eating—that's all the pleasure I get out of sheep raising. Mr. Judson, did you ever taste the pancakes that Miss Learight makes?'

"'Me? No,' I told him. 'I never was advised that she was up to any culinary manœuvres.'

"'They're golden sunshine,' says he; 'honey-browned by the ambrosial fires of Epicurus. I'd give two years of my life to get the recipe for making them pancakes. That's what I went to see Miss Learight for,' says Jackson Bird, 'but I haven't been able to get it from her. It's an old recipe that's been in the family for seventy-five years. They hand it down from one generation to another, but they don't give it away to outsiders. If I could get that recipe, so I could make them pancakes for myself on my ranch, I'd be a happy man,' says Bird.

"'Are you sure,' I says to him, 'that it ain't the hand that mixes the pancakes that you're after?'

"'Sure,' says Jackson. 'Miss Learight is a mighty nice girl, but I can assure you my intentions go no further than the gastro—' but he seen my hand going down to my holster and he changed his similitude—'than the desire to procure a copy of the pancake recipe,' he finishes.

"'You ain't such a bad little man,' says I, trying to be fair. 'I was thinking some of making orphans of your sheep, but I'll let you fly away this time. But you stick to pancakes,' says I, 'as close as the middle one of a stack; and don't go and mistake sentiments for syrup, or there'll be singing at your ranch, and you won't hear it.'

"'To convince you that I am sincere,' says the sheep man, 'I'll ask you to help me. Miss Learight and you being closer friends, maybe she would do for you what she wouldn't for me. If you will get me a copy of that pancake recipe, I give you my word that I'll never call upon her again.'

"'That's fair,' I says, and I shook hands with Jackson Bird. 'I'll get it for you if I can, and glad to oblige.' And he turned off down the big pear flat on the Piedra, in the direction of Mired Mule; and I steered northwest for old Bill Toomey's ranch.

"It was five days afterward when I got another chance to ride over to Pimienta. Miss Willella and me passed a gratifying evening at Uncle Emsley's. She sang some, and exasperated the piano quite a lot with quotations from the operas. I gave imitations of a rattlesnake, and told her about Snaky McFee's new way of skinning cows, and described the trip I made to Saint Louis once. We was getting along in one another's estimations fine. Thinks I, if Jackson Bird can now be persuaded to migrate, I win. I recollect his promise about the pancake receipt, and I thinks I will persuade it

"'Pancake Avenue,' says I, with a wink, to show her that I was on about the family receipt, and couldn't be side-corraled off of the subject. 'Come, now, Miss Willella,' I says; 'let's hear how you make 'em. Pancakes is just whirling in my head like wagon wheels. Start her off, now — pound of flour, eight dozen eggs, and so on. How does the catalogue of constituents run?'

"'Excuse me for a moment, please,' says Miss Willella, and she gives me a quick kind of sideways look, and slides off the stool. She ambled out into the other room, and

"'PANCAKE AVENUE,' SAYS I, WITH A WINK"

from Miss Willella and give it to him; and then if I catches Birdie off of Mired Mule again, I'll make him hop the twig.

"So, along about ten o'clock, I put on a wheedling smile and says to Miss Willella: 'Now, if there's anything I do like better than the sight of a red steer on green grass it's the taste of a nice hot pancake smothered in sugar-house molasses.'

"Miss Willella gave a little jump on the piano stool, and looked at me curious.

"'Yes,' says she, 'they're real nice. What did you say was the name of that street in Saint Louis, Mr. Odom, where you lost your hat?'

directly Uncle Emsley comes in in his shirt sleeves, with a pitcher of water. He turns around to get a glass on the table, and I see a forty-five in his hip pocket. 'Great post-holes!' thinks I, 'but here's a family thinks a heap of cooking receipts, protecting it with firearms. I've known outfits that wouldn't do that much by a family feud.'

"'Drink this here down,' says Uncle Emsley, handing me the glass of water. 'You've rid too far to-day, Jud, and got yourself over-excited. Try to think about something else now.'

"'Do you know how to make them pancakes, Uncle Emsley?' I asked.

"'DRINK THIS HERE DOWN,' SAYS UNCLE EMSLEY"

"'Well, I'm not as apprized in the anatomy of them as some,' says Uncle Emsley, 'but I reckon you take a sifter of plaster of paris and a little dough and saleratus and corn meal, and mix 'em with eggs and buttermilk as usual. Is old Bill going to ship beeves to Kansas City again this spring, Jud?'

"That was all the pancake specifications I could get that night. I didn't wonder that Jackson Bird found it uphill work. So I dropped the subject and talked with Uncle Emsley a while about hollow-horn and cyclones. And then Miss Willella came and said 'good night,' and I hit the breeze for the ranch.

"About a week afterwards, I met Jackson Bird riding out of Pimienta as I rode in, and we stopped in the road for a few frivolous remarks.

"'Got the bill of particulars for them flapjacks yet?' I asked him.

"'Well, no,' says Jackson. 'I don't seem to have any success in getting hold of it. Did you try?'

"'I did,' says I, 'and 'twas like trying to dig a prairie dog out of his hole with a peanut hull. That pancake receipt must be a jookalorum, the way they hold on to it.'

"'I'm most ready to give it up,' says Jackson, so discouraged in his pronunciations that I felt sorry for him; 'but I did want to know how to make them pancakes to eat on my lonely ranch,' says he. 'I lie awake of nights thinking how good they are.'

"'You keep on trying for it,' I tells him, 'and I'll do the same. One of us is bound to get a rope over its horns before long. Well, so-long, Jackey.'

"You see, by this time we was on the peacefullest of terms. When I saw that he wasn't after Miss Willella I had more endurable contemplations of that sand-haired snoozer. In order to help out the ambitions of his appetite I kept on trying to get that receipt from Miss Willella. But every time I would say 'pancakes' she would get sort of remote and fidgety about the eye, and try to change the subject. If I held her to it she would slide out and round up Uncle Emsley with his pitcher of water and hip-pocket howitzer.

"One day I galloped over to the store with a fine bunch of blue verbenas that I cut out of a herd of wild flowers over on Poisoned Dog Prairie. Uncle Emsley looked at 'em with one eye shut and says:

"'Haven't ye heard the news?'

"'Cattle up?' I asks.

"'Willella and Jackson Bird was married in Palestine yesterday,' says he. 'Just got a letter this morning.'

"I dropped them flowers in a cracker barrel, and let the news trickle in my ears and down toward my upper left-hand shirt pocket until it got to my feet.

"'Would you mind saying that over again once more, Uncle Emsley?' says I. 'Maybe my hearing has got wrong, and you only said that prime heifers was 4.80 on the hoof, or something like that.'

"'Married yesterday,' says Uncle Emsley, 'and gone to Waco and Niagara Falls on a wedding tour. Why, didn't you see none of the signs all along? Jackson Bird has been courting of Willella ever since that day he took her out riding.'

"'Then,' says I, in a kind of yell, 'what was all this zizzaparoola he give me about pancakes? Tell me *that*.'

"When I said 'pancakes' Uncle Emsley sort of dodged and stepped back.

"'Somebody's been dealing me pancakes from the bottom of the deck,' I says, 'and I'll find out. I believe you know. Talk up,' says I, 'or we'll mix a panful of batter right here.'

"I slid over the counter after Uncle Emsley. He grabbed at his gun, but it was in a drawer, and he missed it two inches. I got him by the front of his shirt and shoved him in a corner.

"'Talk pancakes,' says I, 'or be made into one. Does Miss Willella make 'em?'

"'She never made one in her life and I never saw one,' says Uncle Emsley, soothing. 'Calm down now, Jud — calm down. You've got excited, and that wound in your head is contaminating your sense of intelligence. Try not to think about pancakes.'

"'Uncle Emsley,' says I, 'I'm not wounded in the head except so far as my natural cogitative instincts run to runts. Jackson Bird told me he was calling on Miss Willella for the purpose of finding out her system of producing pancakes, and he asked me to help him get the bill of lading of the ingredients. I done so, with the results as you see. Have I been sodded down with Johnson grass by a pink-eyed snoozer, or what?'

"Slack up your grip on my dress shirt,' says Uncle Emsley, 'and I'll tell you. Yes, it looks like Jackson Bird has gone and humbugged you some. The day after he went riding with Willella, he came back and told me and her to watch out for you whenever you got to talking about pancakes. He said you was in camp once where they was cooking flapjacks, and one of the fellows cut you over the head with a frying pan. Jackson said that whenever you got overhot or excited, that wound hurt you and made you kind of crazy, and you went to raving about pancakes. He told us to just get you worked off of the subject and soothed down, and you wouldn't be dangerous. So, me and Willella done the best by you we knew how. Well, well,' says Uncle Emsley, 'that Jackson Bird is sure a seldom kind of a snoozer.'

During the progress of Jud's story he had been slowly but deftly combining certain portions of the contents of his sacks and cans. Toward the close of it he set before me the finished product — a pair of red-hot, rich-hued pancakes on a tin plate. From some secret hoarding place he also brought a lump of excellent butter and a bottle of golden syrup.

"How long ago did these things happen?" I asked him.

"Three years," said Jud. "They're living on the Mired Mule Ranch now. But I haven't seen either of 'em since. They say Jackson Bird was fixing his ranch up fine with rocking chairs and window curtains all the time he was putting me up the pancake tree. Oh, I got over it after a while. But the boys kept the racket up."

"Did you make these cakes by the famous recipe?" I asked.

"'TALK PANCAKES'"

"Didn't I tell you there wasn't no receipt?" said Jud. "The boys hollered pancakes till they got pancake hungry, and I cut this receipt out of a newspaper. How does the truck taste?"

"They're delicious," I answered. "Why don't you have some too, Jud?"

I was sure I heard a sigh.

"Me?" said Jud. "I don't never eat 'em."

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING

BY

JOHN LA FARGE

AUTHOR OF "GREAT MASTERS"

PREFACE

THE contemplation of art is a form of study of the history of man and a very certain one. Its records are absolutely disinterested from any attempt at proving anything. All the more certain is the testimony of what we usually call art, that is to say, the representation of fact and feeling by the image of these facts, when it contradicts our usual beliefs derived from literature or what is called history and the record of opinions. In such a view, it makes an accurate manner of measuring. And, besides, the work of plastic art records in the same way as real life does, the mass of feelings that belong to the moment of its production. It is all the more accurate that it is confused like life itself. We have felt this, when we look at monuments of the past, which bring up, unspoken and without details, the habit of life and the manner of thinking of the people among whom the work grew. The work of art also grows slowly. As it used to take a long time to build a cathedral; as even a painting is the result of much combination of thought, so is there time to have the work accumulate the many impressions which the artist has received, and which he places in his work without being aware of the multitude of impressions which he has received, and which he hands to us. He hands them to us with a greater unconsciousness than is given to us by the forms of writing. He is not suspected of intentions, perhaps he has none. The tyrant, who is the subject of the congratulations and praises of the poet and the clergyman and historian, is handed down to us in the bare fact of his nature by the portrait painter of whom he has no suspicion. For similar reasons, the greater forms of art are not affected by fashion, which belongs only to the few, and the record of human life is, therefore, deeper and more continuous. We see man as he was from the beginning, carried through many changing forms, which in the written

record are made to appear more important and less transient than they really are. We gain, therefore, through plastic art, the most sincere of all expressions by document, because of its dealing with external facts, and its giving us innumerable statements which are not meant to be given, and which the sincerity of the artist unconsciously places before us. We are slowly beginning to recognize these facts, and to understand that the record of art passes beyond the record of the historian. It does so because it is not a useful record; it does not live from necessity but from choice, and it avoids the pressure of necessity.

We obtain from the work of art parallel and different statements. We learn how our ancestors — that is to say, all mankind — lived, externally, and their ideas concerning that external life; what things they did to carry on the form of their civilization, what shapes of building they used, and how they liked to have their life, in and out, ordered; what their ideas were of propriety and behavior. But we also get what were their desires, their aspirations, their ideas concerning matters of feeling, of the higher life, and their relation to a life beyond. Thus we know what they thought of life: we know also what they thought of death. We have before us the mirror of life at a given moment. It is with this impression of art being the mirror of life that I have selected certain works of the art of painting, choosing, as far as possible, such as might well be called masterpieces, or works of extraordinary merit, partly because the greater works carry on more thoroughly the life of all mankind, apart from small fluctuations of fashion or disturbances which are evanescent, however important they have seemed for a time.

I have tried in the comments to connect these works with the life of their time, and while insisting that they have not merely dropped off as fruit from a tree, but are the results of much effort and personal study, application, experience and knowledge of humanity, I have tried to show that they are inseparable from the heart of the moment. I have tried to divide and classify them in some way by a reference to the currents of perpetual sentiments, of ideas which man has always had, under many different forms, and which have had in these works an expression — sometimes, indeed, for the first time after indefinite centuries. I have avoided any very strict technical explanations. I have shown some of the larger points in the construction of each work, according to the perpetual laws which belong to the special art I have chosen to illustrate. It is often unjust to a public to ask them to enter into the minor points of art, which they are incapable of appreciating, and which are often debatable points. Too many critics indulge in discussion of smaller technical points which at various times are debated, sometimes violently opposed, and very often finally accepted forever. I have tried, however, to so write from a long experience in the study of art that a student or any one sensitive to the impression of a work of art might learn more about its methods, its origins, and the special circumstances which have helped to make it: the personality of the maker, the habits of his time, and those matters which allowed him freedom or tied him down. I hope, in this way, to help to dissipate false ideas which limit our enjoyment of the work of art and which also limit and cramp our mental action. The study of art is a great education. I have of course used the word art as it usually is narrowed down to certain forms of plastic representation and ornament. Of course we know, or we ought to know, that art is a human function used by every one, more or less, even where plastic art is forbidden by religion or prejudice, or does not exist from habit. The nations which have objected to certain forms of plastic art have carried very fully, art into expression through ceremonies and dress, even into the minutest details, as we know by the story of the Bible and the habits of all churches, as also, for instance, the manner through which the monastic orders of the middle ages, during an efflorescence of plastic art, objected to the distractions of the great art of stained glass, painted walls, and melody and color and pomp of all kinds. They were doing what later the Quaker did, or the Puritan, in their whitewashed places of meeting, wherein the simplicity they sought for was merely a manner of expression through art.

I repeat that I have chosen masterpieces or beautiful examples, not only because they were beautiful, which in itself is all-sufficient, but because they escape, in that way, the touch of the bad taste of fashion — that

is to say, of momentary intentions. I have been obliged to be very arbitrary in the divisions, self-imposed, made to limit and direct a choice in so few examples as one hundred. But I have tried to make these divisions very different in intention, with the hope of covering a larger field of life and of art. It would be impossible to cover the entire subject with any manner of division to which some other division could not be added. For most of the divisions which I have chosen — or which are imposed upon me by the facts — the whole number of subjects might often be inadequate.

But, to use an antique illustration, if one corner of the field is adequately described, it is for the interested reader or student to find out for himself and fill the others.

PORTRAITS OF CIVIC LIFE

I

THESE paintings are representations of the civic life of a republican nation; a nation largely of traders, who freed their little country in the protracted struggle against the greatest powers of the world, and whose art mainly consists in the portraiture of their citizens, and the landscape in which they lived. It should be eminently interesting to us because in many ways we are the representatives of their ideas and we derive from them certain influences. The art of Holland during this time of intense struggle has almost no representation of the scenes of war and of final triumph. But we have the personal records of the men who carried out this great resistance to its final end. When a scene is represented, it is one of peace. The daily, the private, the domestic habits were the subjects of the painters, notwithstanding, or to the exclusion of what made the anxiety and the grandeur of their country. The landscapes, in the same way, are all of peace. The roads seem safe, and open-air pleasures keep their course. Hunting and fishing seem uninterrupted; no war disturbs the villages. The weather is all that changes the even course of life. Meanwhile, on the furthest seas war is carried, continuous invasions are the rule, within goes on a perpetual political struggle, increased by religious discord. Barneveldt is decapitated in 1619, and the brothers De Witt are massacred in 1672. War is permanent with England, and the Dutch fleet threaten the existence of London; Spain and France attack Holland and invade it. Within fifty years three treaties of peace have to be signed — 1648, 1678, 1698 — and the great war of the Spanish succession begins the next century; and nowhere do the paintings show in outward expression that the permanent news has always been of war. Now, in these pictures of peace, of jovial contentment, we see the portraits of the men who carried out this patriotic struggle. We know they are military men, more or less, by some portion of their costume, by the presence of sword or flag, and, of course, by the record of who they were. But they are militiamen. And these pictures assert for us what we rarely think of: that the standing army is a modern invention and was feared as an engine of despotism by the free towns and the freer countries. Even as late as 1742 the great warrior, Maurice of Saxony, writes out, as a dream, the modern notion of the army made out of the citizens in stated length of service. All the more, as I say, is it pleasant to know that these good fellows are painted for us before or after the service to which they were called. In one case their banquet occurs before their departure from Haarlem for the sieges of Hasselt and Mons, the 18th of October, 1622. If ever serene confidence was represented, it is told in these faces and attitudes, and their jovial enjoyment has also no sign of recklessness or disorderly forgetting. A certain sobriety persists through all the faces; most of them look like business men, whose types we still have with us, who will be ready at a moment to take up their steady work. Meanwhile, they are together as friends, and good-fellowship relaxes faces which at other times must be fairly serious.

It would be pleasant to give all these paintings as they hang together on the wall, each one affirming the accuracy of the others, having altogether a family air, that look which belongs to any given moment when people not only dress the same way but seem to conform to some special manner of look and bearing. Perhaps had I better choose the one whose merits as painting are perhaps the greatest, for the dates of these pictures run along for many years, from Frans Hals, beginning to paint beautifully, to a Hals whose execution is as wonderful as that of the greatest. Around him in Holland others paint well, and the great Rembrandt is painting so as to reach the highest levels. Surrounded by all this consummate work, Hals still triumphs, and a something not Dutch, something that he might have brought from his native Flanders, gives to the paintings a look of enjoyment, of color, of delight in the coursing of life which reminds one more of the enthusiasm of the Low Countries than of the phlegmatic attitude of Holland. The photograph is there for us to look at, and it tells better than I can, why John Cassz Loo is colonel, as he sits facing us in the post of honor, to be painted, surrounded by the flag-bearers, two of whom are Jacob Hofland and Jacob Styn, the latter facing us also. No photograph can give the glory of Captain John Schatter, who turns half towards us, gently smiling, as if posing only for a moment, clad in red and yellow with most astonishing sash of blue satin. Indeed, all the stuffs are wonderful, the lightness of the ruffs, the heavy darkness of the velvets, all painted just enough, not a trifle more than they should be, so that the varying matters represented have each their right importance, and that nothing of all this show shall prevent your following out each portrait, understanding the character of each man, the completeness of his expression in what he is doing. As, for instance, Captain Van Horn's abstraction in being painted or looked at by us, prevents his noticing how Lieutenant Olycan is asking him to sign the register whose leaves are turned over with gentle impatience by Captain Bacher. How well we know the anxious faces of Sergeant Cornelius Ham in the middle, and Sergeant Barent Mol on the right, who are waiting to be heard or to take some part. How sure I feel that I have seen them but yesterday here in New York. If not they, then their descendants; and how indifferent, as indeed it is, the eye of the camera to what really makes the meaning of a face. And I confess to a pleasure in repeating these names of what must have been a good lot of men, who once upon a time held their own against great odds and knew also what were the pleasures of belonging to the famous company of militiamen, the Archers of St. Adrian.

Once upon a time another painting was more famous than these of Hals's — a similar subject, a banquet of the Civic Guard of Amsterdam, which took place on the 16th of June, 1648, in the great hall of St. Georgé Doelen, to celebrate the conclusion of peace at Münster. It was painted by Bartholomeus Van der Helst, who, not a great man, has managed to do this work in such a way as to challenge all rivals. It is not beautifully painted, like those paintings of Hals's, but could not be, it is so conscientious, so really understood as a problem of making a big picture of many portraits and of skipping none and of making each contribute to the play as he does to the banquet. As Thackeray once said: "Brave, meritorious, victorious, happy Bartholomeus, to whom it has been given to produce a masterpiece." Part of its fame is owing certainly to its having been for years in a little room whose side it filled, just opposite the great Rembrandt known as the "Night-Watch." Perhaps the prosaic side of the Van der Helst made more mysterious the otherwise evident meaning of the Rembrandt. For all that, it is a beautiful essay in prose alongside of which, if they could be put together, the paintings of Hals would look like triumphant songs. But within the rather sober unity, how charming are its details. On the right-hand side of the table Captain Wits, in health and good humor, holds the hand of Lieutenant Van Waveren, more delicate of build and color, whose whiter hand rests gently on the heavier one of the captain's. He is dressed in black velvet, and, like many others, and in the fashion of the day, he has not taken off his broad-brimmed hat with the white plume. On his knee he holds the great official drinking-horn, which will soon pass around the table for a loving-cup. The captain is perhaps beginning his complimentary speech; I fancy

that I detect on the lips of Lieutenant Van Waveren that tremulousness which attends the listener about to answer: some of the diners are listening — those who are nearest to the head of the table. Further on the necessities of food and drink are looked after. These gentlemen help each other and themselves. The long glasses are being filled with Rhenish for the toast now in order. "William, the Drummer," with his hat off, holding a great goblet, the company's property, stands in front, to the left, bowing gently, in some consultation with the officer, who, in front of us, cuts or has been cutting, slices from a knuckle of ham. His napkin is on his knee — he holds his meat with bare fingers, but with the daintiness of the gentleman. In the middle of the picture, his back turned to the company, right near to William's great drum, sits, in black velvet, with his breast-plate on, the standard-bearer, "Jacob Banning." Fastened to the drum is a sheet of paper, for which the poet, Jan Vos, wrote the four lines inscribed:

"Blood now disgusts Bellona
And Mars curses the noise of destructive bronze;
The sword now seeks the scabbard,
And that is why brave Wits offers to noble Van Waveren the cup of peace to celebrate perpetual alliance."

Behind Banning, balanced by his left hand, the great flag of the company rises out of the picture and divides it in two parts; it is of blue silk and on it is embroidered the Virgin, emblematic of the city of Amsterdam. You remember how Thackeray says of it: "Such a silk! such a flag! such a piece of painting!" How true must have been these portraits strikes the most careless observer; each man is a portrait all the way through, from the expression of his eyes to the smallest detail of his dress. And, as we said, that was the problem — to paint a picture of many portraits, each one complete, so that each owner who had paid his share could feel that he had not been neglected, that he had had his full money's worth, and that, whoever he was — mere sergeant or first lieutenant — he had been represented by himself and for himself. It is no wonder that there are so few of these many pictures of military or other companies, in which the problem has been successfully met. With those few, Frans Hals's and this painting, we shall have seen all the great successes. . . .

The great Rembrandt which hangs near by, the so-called "Night-Watch," is not successful in a similar way, and yet it is known as one of the greatest paintings in the world. It is said that long ago it displeased the men for whom it was painted, and began to place difficulties in the way of Rembrandt's being understood. Captain Frans Banning Cocq, Lord of Purmerland and Ilpendam, the captain of the company of militia here portrayed, the gentleman in black who steps forward toward us in the middle of the picture, had his portrait painted later by Bartholomeus Van der Helst — perhaps an indication of the general feeling that each individual portrait was not sufficiently distinct. None of the men whose names are inscribed in the tablet upon the wall, could have an idea or could guess that their being painted by Rembrandt would be all that could remain about them. But, on their part, there was a reason for their disappointment. They remembered the painting known as the "Lesson of Anatomy," in which each portrait is separately insisted upon, and some of Rembrandt's great portraits had already been made. But already the artist had begun to see in nature those mysterious means by which we know him best: that swathing of the entire scene in the gradations of light and dark out of which he merged what he wished to be seen and in which he bathed or even drowned what he wished only to be guessed at. The subject of many people together was a fortunate chance for use of this beautiful method; and so the picture instead of the distinct vision, almost too orderly, by which Van der Helst or Hals gives us every detail, is partly covered by shadow and partly lit suddenly. So that long ago tradition gave it the name of the "Night-Watch," and about it clustered mysterious meanings which never could have come about the clear stories of other Dutch artists. In reality, putting aside the paint's darkening, it is an effect of sunlight; and the gloom of the shadow might well represent the veiled darkness of the brown fog of Amsterdam.

The company, headed by Captain Cocq, are leaving their meeting place — what

Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

THE BANQUET OF CIVIC GUARD

PAINTED BY BARTHOLOMEUS VAN DER HELST

Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

THE ARCHERS OF ST. ADRIAN

PAINTED BY FRANS HALS

might be called their armory — for a shooting match. Instead of the military suggestions, the records of war which accompany the paintings of Hals and of Van der Helst — the jolly meeting of men who have just fought and may be called out again — this mysterious picture is a record of piping times of peace. The romance that fills it is the painter's own. The story might well represent a sudden call to arms. Perhaps in the depths of Rembrandt's extraordinary mind he may have been pleased to confuse the two occasions. The drummer rolls out his call, the ensign unfurls the big flag, the men load or prime their guns, and the pikemen carry out the long halberds which belong to their place in the company. Lieutenant William Van Ruijtenberg, Lord of Vlaardingen, the little man in light yellow, listens to the captain's explanation, which seems important — very important — for such a small matter as a shooting match. The officers commanding are in their best. The buff coat of the lieutenant is embroidered in gold, his great sash is white, his trunk hose are tied up with ribbon, he wears gold spurs on his gray boots, and yellow gloves; his hat of yellow felt is bound by a band of precious stones, and long white plumes float beyond it; he and the captain are all-important. Behind them the troop of arquebuse men come out from the dark arcade; one of them is all in scarlet, with an orange plume in his purplish hat. His powder-horn is carried by a boy. Beyond the drummer (John Van Kanpoort) one of the sergeants, a serious-faced officer, stretches out a hand as if to order. Vaguely behind those we see others are coming. The light, which falls with strong shadows on a few figures here and there, lights up with singular accidental effect the little girl who is carrying, singularly enough, a dead fowl slung to her waist — her hair, of that mysterious golden tone liked by Rembrandt, is crowned with precious stones, pearls are in her ears, and stones again glitter on her belt and on her greenish-yellow cape. Between her and the captain appears the bent body of a boy with leaf-crowned helmet, of whom we see little but his outstretched leg; this motion of his and the light form of the little girl are striking parts of the entire picture; they probably served in the painter's mind to give a look of chance, — as if just then a drop of light had fallen in that special place, without regard to the more important features of the story. The great man must have known what he wished to do. And he has succeeded in impressing the imagination of many people for these two centuries and a half, so that the painting remains a fantastic story and image of those dreams in which he indulged, and in which he placed the realism of an ordinary event. The story would be clearer if the picture were to-day what it once was. We should see better why the captain and the li- -enant step forward and where the rest of the company are placed. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, to fit the picture in a new place, a part of it was cut away which contained the little bridge over which the officers were to step first. And on the sides we should see two figures more and the whole portrait of the drummer, John Van Kanpoort. There can be but little doubt that we miss extremely the foreground cut away. The two foremost figures seem to be much too set out of the picture, and Rembrandt is too subtle not to have meant exactly what he did. The picture has been somewhat damaged, at a previous time being in better order. It is not all throughout painted as Rembrandt has elsewhere triumphed. The moment for him was one of transition. Perhaps at that moment he may have felt the impressions of those business disasters which ruined him; perhaps, in this bold *emprise* of creating a new form of art with the materials around him, he felt the technical difficulties that belong to beginnings. Therefore, this great masterpiece is made up of many failures; in that, not so different from others of the greatest. All the more may we feel how mysterious is the phenomenon that we call "inspiration." How the mere work of the human hand can take us away from reality into the world of romance.

II

1664 — Frans Hals, who painted so joyfully the gay companies of militiamen, some few years back, is now over eighty years old and has only two more years to live. It is fitting that he should paint the old ladies who are the Regents of the Home for the Aged at Haarlem. These are their portraits. They lose ever so much in the photographs, which cannot give us the

Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

THE NIGHT WATCH

PAINTED BY REMBRANDT, 1642

extraordinary refinement which he has perceived and made us feel in the painting of these sober and even austere dresses. The whites and blacks have all the elegance of a beautiful choice of colors. The elderly painter's touch is no longer supple and caressing as it once was in younger days — it has become a little impatient of time, but it still renders character, and, in this particular case, in the rendering of the subject, a long experience of life, the putting aside of frivolity, is told by the painter's manner, even as he must have seen it in the old ladies he represented. Their hands, each one of which is indicative of character and of what they may be saying and listening to, are now bony and shriveled or knotted. A certain slowness of movement one feels in the few that have much to do. The lady on the left who is speaking to the visitors, I suppose; the old dame in the center who ruffles her fan calmly over the bag containing money perhaps, or the medals which are proofs of attendance, and the servant bringing a memorandum, each move in a rhythm of patience and carefulness. The unoccupied hands are folded back as if taking a rest. As for the faces, we know each type; we know which are severe and which are gentle, and that they are observant one of the other. Accident seems to have placed them about the table at which they sit, but the painter has so combined them that they make something like a chord of lines, or blacks and whites, beautiful in its peaceful harmony.

Some years back, in 1641, one year before Rembrandt painted what we call "The Night-Watch," Frans Hals had painted the "Regents of the Hospital of St. Elizabeth." For some reason probably, though it seems mere chance, the Regents about their table recall a little in arrangement the seating of the "Syndics" in Rembrandt's great picture. However splendid and important they are, they have yet, in all their wonderful painting, a slight reminiscence of the lightness of heart of the brave boys, the militiamen, whom Hals painted as we saw some years before — but they are seriously painted. The portrait is evident behind the action of each man. That must have been the way that each one used when speaking or arguing, and one forgets almost that they are in reality nothing but gentlemen's portraits. They might be part of some historic event, and their discussion be the meeting of some government cabinet, some ambassadors settling a state matter. All honor to them; notwithstanding the richness of their dress and the picturesqueness of hair and beard, and wide-brimmed hats, they are types of the men who made New Amsterdam and whose descendants we have about us. As we see more and more of the Dutch portraits of a later date than these, they give us more and more an impression of sedateness. The types of the warrior, of the adventurer, which mark the backward history, are less and less frequent later. It would seem as if they had been eaten up by the action demanded of these people, and that the more sedentary, the more prudent types, remained. Could we gather here, as explanatory, other portraits of Hals's, we should see still more personal independence and self-assertion, amounting to bravado. And the gay, almost impudent portrait of the painter himself, at Amsterdam, where he sits in the garden beside his second wife, is the climax of the expression of a joyful temperament. Something of that joy perhaps went into most of his representations. In the last paintings of his old age he has come himself to a more sober sense. Of his life and that of Van der Helst we have but little but what is merely external. No such legends compass them as those about the story of him whom Thackeray has called "The Moody Tenant of the Mill" — Rembrandt. We know to-day that they were all made up of jealous hearsay, from the necessity of accounting by strange anecdotes for the otherwise sober existence of genius.

The romance, the extraordinary reach of sympathy in all directions of Rembrandt's painting, seems to justify some manufacture of imaginary anecdotes: something to carry on the legend of the eccentricities of genius, as if genius were not in itself sublimated common sense. And as if also the creator of imaginary situations or the observer and recorder of the vicissitudes of life must also be a victim, a subject of similar emotions. Better knowledge shows us that art is the manner of a reasonable outpouring of sentiment, where it should be placed. That is to say, within the limits of an imaginary world. We can see the great example of this more prosaic, but certain view, in what we know of

Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

THE REGENTS FOR THE HOME OF THE AGED AT HAARLEM

PAINTED BY FRANS HALS, 1684

Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

REGENTS OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. ELIZABETH AT HAARLEM

PAINTED BY FRANS HALS, 1641

Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

SYNDICS OF THE CLOTH MERCHANTS OF AMSTERDAM

PAINTED BY REMBRANDT, 1661

Shakespeare: a mind not so far apart from Rembrandt's and capable, like Rembrandt's, of using romance for reality and reality for romance. And we forget too easily that such men have not worked merely to please themselves, to establish for the outside world some manner of looking at it, but that in the most ordinary way they worked within their trade, doing what was asked of them; but informing that task-work with the passion, the sympathies that life had called up within them, and which their memory placed inside the framework of the task. In the school days of the older ones of us these legends still continued concerning Rembrandt. That they were strange, and not only did not explain, but often contradicted what facts were known, seemed to have made no difference. It was said that at the very beginning of his life, with his first one hundred florins, he became a miser. That would account for the fact that during succeeding moments of his life neither his dress nor his table showed his opulence. The constant pursuit of painting at all moments of happiness or distress was used as a proof that he lost not a moment, from the love of gold. Could there be another reason for the three hundred and fifty paintings, the three hundred and seventy engravings, and the multitude of drawings which are the result of his life? Hence, also from his enormous work, the belief that he must always have worked easily, while we of the trade know by the marks of his brush how often he stuttered or stammered, by expression of new truth or anxiety for better statement of what he knew already. Thus, every little while, he risked to some extent his reputation by some manner of painting, while the old manner had all the needed purchasers. He was supposed to have married a poor girl, another proof of avarice, while, on the contrary, he had married well and later managed to spend unconsciously the fortune of his wife, besides what he had acquired himself. He was said to have bidden up his own engravings at auctions, or to have given them to his son to sell, with the statement that they had been stolen. It was said that he had disappeared, this hidden man, and had sent abroad the news of his death, *to use the only sure method that artists have to earn much money*. Then the forced sale of his paintings and studio effects had brought him a fabulous sum, and the dead man had appeared again among the astonished purchasers. And his admirers apologized for this ingenious proceeding by the natural statement that nobody had lost, and that things were worth what they would bring in the market. We know, of course, to-day, that he saw his paintings and his household goods and his rich collections sold for a trifle, and that he returned to hard work in his later age, protected from creditors by the receivership of his son. His singular use of Eastern costumes for Eastern subjects was supposed to be the result of ignorance, while we know that his collections were composed of pictures and engravings by others, so that he had within his studio, without going any further, the images of what had been done in ways not suitable to himself. On the contrary, he had made curious studies of far-away costumes and manners, beyond the men of his day. He no more erred than have done those who used what information they could get. It was even a reproach to him that he charged for his teaching, and that, like every one else about him, his pupils helped him in his work. What is true is: that he passed from romantic handling of facts to the most accurate transcription of life. And that occasionally, as we saw in the analysis of the "Night-Watch," he may have risked a great deal in the choice of the moment. In the art of writing we see how natural this is, and we do not ask of the "Tempest" or "Midsummer Night's Dream" the accuracy of the Historical Play. In the painting of the "Syndics" we shall see Rembrandt the recorder of usual nature, and test him alongside of Frans Hals, as the painter of the history of Holland seen in portraits.

Nothing more could be said to express the ancestral character in its every-day gravity than this other painting by Rembrandt, painted three years before Hals painted those last ones of his old age. Rembrandt is no longer young. He has eight more years to live, and he paints the corporation piece known as the "Syndics of the Cloth Merchants of Amsterdam." By the Dutch it is called "De Staalmeesters"—the "Stampmasters," who affixed a mark to certify the origin of the cloth and the payment of certain duties. The figures in the picture are the size of life. Placed at its exact height, it has an extraordinary

appearance of something seen. The syndics are five in number. Three of them are seated on the other side of the table, which is covered by a heavy Eastern carpet, most beautifully painted, but absolutely unobtrusive. One needs to watch it to perceive the accuracy of the rendering which disturbs one no more than nature itself. One of the syndics on the right, seated somewhat crossways to the table and less important in the deliberation, has placed upon the table with a momentary gesture a bag, containing the stamps most probably. Before the other two is an open register. Of these two, one turns gently, or rather is ready to turn, over one of the leaves. The other one with hand reversed explains, apparently, some point in the record. All three behind the table, with expressions varied by individual character and their relation to the business on hand, look towards their fellows, or whoever they are (and of which we are a part), outside of the frame. The argument is partly addressed to us. One can almost imagine a feeling of impatience in the features of the syndic who holds the sack with the stamps; and so, for each one, the movement of the eye and the eyebrow represents as nearly as has ever been rendered, the slight variations of thought which our common intentions must have. However direct the look of the eyes, which with Rembrandt at his best are always extraordinary as meaning, the look is a general one addressed to a great many people. The fourth syndic is an older man, who rises slowly from his chair, on the left of the table, resting his hand on a book hardly seen. He is perhaps about to speak to the public, and his eyes take in the assemblage. Still further to the left, the fifth syndic, apparently the presiding officer, looks at us with a certain air of waiting for the statements; the look, perhaps, of a little superiority of knowledge and position. This notwithstanding that the character of the head is not so important as that of the others. These two gentlemen are dressed in the older way. Their collars are smaller and they wear their natural hair. Though they are already a little behind the time, they are far away from the splendid costumes which we saw in the paintings of Hals and of Van der Helst, and of Rembrandt in the "Night-Watch." No more of the great plaited ruffs, and frilled and lace collars; no more the feathers, silks and satins, remnants of the sixteenth century. No more full hair and hair cut in every personal way. We are now closing the seventeenth century, and a puritanic wave has added to the natural sobriety of business men. On the contrary, the three younger syndics wear the long hair which succeeds the cropping of puritanic days, and begins the full-bottomed wig of the age of Louis the XIV. They have cut off the little imperial which is such a mark of the middle century: the Stuart and the Van Dyck moment. We must not forget the sixth personage, whose position does not allow him to wear a hat, and who smiles with the discreet smile of a secretary behind the scenes. If ever there was a lesson in the difference between posing and acting, it is here. The whole impression is as momentary as reality. Each one of the five figures is in reality doing something, and yet you know that this is a collection of portraits.

Alongside of it the great Van der Helst is thin and theatrical, and we see, in the latter, as it were, too distinctly a scene that the eye could not really grasp in such detail. If one could see the great Hals's alongside, they, too, would probably appear a little more the result of much knowledge, much practice, astonishing technique, but still not so near the singular contradiction of a natural sight, that sees only certain things distinctly, but is aware of all of them. Our photograph gives fairly an idea of all this. The unity and sobriety of the tone is so great that though we miss in the copy much beautiful color, we get a fair idea of the manner of Rembrandt's color; that manner of transposing it into relations of light and dark, which is of the essence of painting; an art which with deficient materials has to represent the enormous gamut of the world of light. Though we get some idea of it by the photograph, yet the painting is one of the very great paintings as mere technique. It is, so far as this can be from what I have just said, a perfect piece of work. Rembrandt could not have painted this extreme success in the representation of an every-day subject, had he not also worked in imaginative conditions, and fully freed his thought and given rein elsewhere to that universal sympathy with all the chances of life that invented stories allow. The feeling of contained reticence is a real one; is in the artist as well as in

his models. Conversely from the "Night-Watch," he has kept himself entirely within the bounds. But the river is a deep and strong one that runs within this narrow canal. His rivals, the other painters, are giving us their best. But with him there is what belongs to the higher artist:—that this is only what the occasion required;—and that we do not know, and never shall know, the full powers that might have been exercised if life gave the chance.

It is well that these paintings of Corporation Pictures remain in their native land. Not only are they there seen in the light that they were meant for, almost in the places they were born in, but we do not suffer, as in many museums, from the fact that another light, another position, diminishes the effect which the painter had really achieved. And, morally, the effect of this testimony to a past history is powerful upon those who see the works in place. All the more if, as in quiet Haarlem, these paintings be the only record of a once active life. The little museum, where the Hals's are strung along the wall, has more energy, more testimony to struggle and success than the living town itself. And their testimony to the value of Holland is greater than we get even through written records. They tell us of the solid reasons of a little country holding its own against its gigantic enemies—England, Spain, Austria, and France. The solidity of character represented carries us to our own day, and explains for us the strenuous resistance of Dutch descendants in South Africa and the value of the blood which stiffened the courage of the Boers against gigantic odds.

ON THE TRAIL OF A SERPENT

BY

SIDNEY C. KENDALL

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER HERFORD

How a Serpent May Beat the Custom-House

THIS is not nearly so exciting a story as it would have been had not all parties concerned enjoyed a surprising run of good luck and come out of the affair much better than might have been expected; this statement includes the snake.

Mr. Thomas John was on the Continent, partly on pleasure and partly on business. On the pleasure side he was escorting a company of lady friends who had been sojourning in the South of France, and on the business side he "traveled in wild beasts." That is to say that he was buyer for "Jamrach's," the famous wholesale house in menagerie supplies. So, between Beauty and the Beast, Mr. Thomas John was in a fair way of prosperity. He had shipped from Algiers an assortment of zoölogical abominations, and he was now meandering leisurely from city to city so as to time his arrival in London about the middle of May. At last there remained only the channel to be traversed, and in the seaport whence they proposed to embark he made a surprising

and valuable discovery. A homeward bound Dutch vessel from Java had landed on the quay, among other things, a large wicker hamper which bore neither mark nor sign to indicate whence it came nor whither it should go. The hamper was opened in the presence of the Bureau du Fisc and was found to contain a large snake. The hamper was promptly reclosed and buried beneath a pyramid of assorted freight. The Bureau du Fisc telegraphed to the Prefect of Police for instructions; the Prefect of Police, unable to act without a warrant, applied in due course to the Hotel de Ville; the Hotel de Ville, having looked into the matter and found nothing, passed it on to the Department of the Interior; the Department of the Interior very properly submitted the case to the Bureau of Foreign Affairs; the Bureau of Foreign Affairs referred it to the Chief Executive, and the Chief Executive was away up the Seine shooting ducks and would not be back for a month. That was five years ago, and if it has been decided what is the proper thing to do when snakes come ashore irregularly, the case has not yet retraced its way along its tortuous career to the point of departure. In the meantime it would have gone hard with the snake; but, as was said in our opening passage, this is a story of good luck.

On the very day when the serpent was landed at the port there alighted at the Depot du Chemin du Fer a representative of "Jamrach," the celebrated reptile and wild beast man. Mr. Thomas John had heard at his hotel that the customs authorities had a big snake on their hands, and he very promptly appeared upon the scene. The pile of assorted freight was cautiously taken down and the hamper opened. Whereupon the awestruck spectators recoiled an ample space while Mr. Thomas John thrust his arm into the hamper and drew out coil after coil of snake. There seemed to be no end to the thing one way or another. At last the head appeared, and, after giving it a careful scrutiny, he made a cautious offer which was promptly accepted, for the Bureau du Fisc was not up on the price of snakes; besides, this snake was dead or thereabout. But Mr. Thomas John knew better. He "traveled in wild beasts generally," but snakes were his specialty; in fact, he doted on snakes. The snake was not dead, but lethargic from exhaustion, and there are means of resuscitating unconscious reptiles known only to ophidian experts. These means were practised, and the mottled coils soon began to glide and writhe with a sluggish movement, and the growing crowd of spectators drew farther away. Mr. Thomas John, agent for Jamrach & Co., had acquired a full-grown female python for a song, a mere song, even a song without words, so eager was the Bureau du Fisc to get the creature off his hands. Seeing that the animal, although revived, was under good control, the spectators ventured to draw near and watch the daring man caress the serpent as it glided slowly back and forth across his knees. He held her head at arm's length for a critical inspection and swore by Gog and Magog that she was a beauty. The snake appeared to entertain the same opinion respecting Mr. Thomas John, for she fairly devoured him with serpentine caresses. She went over one shoulder and under the other, round his neck, round his waist, between his legs, and turned him into a veritable Laocoon. It was a genuine case of love at first sight

on both sides, and love, as everyone knows, is a matter of taste.

The python was then fed in some manner best understood by the man who had served as professional dry-nurse to reptiles in all stages of convalescence. It is written in books of Natural History that when pythons have eaten they go to sleep. This statement, if true, illustrates the wisdom of the serpent; and so the sleeping beauty was replaced, coil upon coil, in the original package, and Mr. Thomas John returned to his hotel, after warning the crowd not to meddle with that hamper; which was entirely unnecessary, for not a man in all France could have been hired to meddle with it for any money. As there exists in the minds of most people an unreasonable

objection to traveling in the society of snakes, he said nothing to his lady friends about his acquisition, as he wished to practise a little craft with a view to transferring it from France to England without any further trouble with custom-houses. Accordingly, he distributed his effects among the other members of his party and so emptied his trunk. It was a large and substantial trunk and it just held the snake snugly packed with her head against half a dozen gimlet holes bored in the lid. Mr. Thomas John did not propose to trust his beloved to the chances of slow freight trains; she was to accompany her owner as personal luggage, and he relied upon his acquaintance with a certain customs official to pass his trunk without inspection.

In due time the party arrived at London Bridge station. Here their ways parted,

and several minutes were spent in leave-taking. Having seen the ladies off in their cab, Mr. Thomas John returned to the platform. His trunk was the only one that still lay before the luggage van. A watchful porter shouldered it to his cab, and he was whirled away to the headquarters of Jamrach's, the wholesale house in menagerie supplies. The precious trunk was carried to his own private room, as he wished to assure himself by a careful examination that the python was in a healthy state before delivering her to the firm. Having had a comfortable cage prepared for the reception of his beauteous prize, he went to his room and got down on his knees before his trunk. For some reason the key would not work.

He tried others, and at last one was found to which the lock responded. As the lid was lifted, a dainty fragrance issued forth, and there appeared a layer of delicate feminine lingerie. What did this mean? He raised a handful of the contents and revealed further mysteries of feminine attire, rustling silks, foamy laces, and snowy embroideries. The trunk was closely packed with elegant ladies' wearing apparel. He slammed the lid and eagerly examined the exterior of the trunk. If not his own, it was exactly like it, and, moreover, it was plastered with the labels of half the stations in Europe. He scanned the lid; the holes he had bored were not there. All was explained; he had got the wrong trunk.

Mr. Thomas John was no fool; he knew that his ophidian affinity was not shared by the public. The full significance of the situation flashed upon him at once. He rose slowly to his feet with his hands clenched and his eyes wild with alarm. The thought that struck his brain issued through his white lips, "Who has the other trunk?" He knew that for a lady to open his trunk in the privacy of her chamber would mean, in all probability, a most hideous tragedy. His only hope was that, having the wrong key, she might be unable to open the trunk before he had time to make the exchange. Back to London Bridge station with the trunk he went as fast as horses were permitted to travel in London's crowded

streets. The porters were interviewed. One of them remembered carrying up a trunk "as like that as two peas. It belonged to a young lidy as was travelin' with an old lidy which was very good-lookin', the young lidy, that was." He had put it on their cab, and had not heard where they were going; some of the cabmen might know. So he sped to the adjacent cab-stand. No cabman could be found who had that day conveyed to parts unknown a young lady and an old lady, "which was very good-lookin', the young lidy, that was." What on earth was to be done? In all the annals of fact or fiction was there ever so dreadful a dilemma! Some men see snakes where snakes are not, and their experiences are horrible beyond language. What, then, will happen when that trunk is opened by a lady, a young lady, and very good-looking? Nothing he could do would prevent it, and it appeared the part of wisdom for him to be silent and not make the world aware who was responsible for this horror.

Mr. Thomas John passed a sleepless night, and the next morning he tremblingly read the papers in search of what he dreaded to find. But there was no report of a serpent at large in the jungles of London, nor had any one heard of a lady being scared into insanity by finding one in her trunk.

Ditto the next morning *et seq.*

Weeks passed away, and Mr. Thomas John still remained minus a full-grown female python and plus a trunk full of society garments which he could not wear.

II

How a Serpent May Go Astray

The London and Dover Mail, by which Mr. Thomas John had traveled, conveyed in another compartment the Dowager Mrs. William Henry of Fulham and Miss Alice Maud of Hackney. There are no surnames in this story. On arriving at London Bridge the maid stepped aside to secure their luggage, which, in the absence of a checking system, passengers in England must look after themselves. Her mistress's trunks, which were large and numerous, were sent on by a special truck; but her own trunk, as she was to spend a few days at her home, would go on the cab. From London Bridge to Fulham is a long drive, and from Fulham to Hackney is still further; so it was after dark when the young lady reached her home on Mare Street. Her people lived over a haberdasher's, and their home was reached by a long stairway up which the cabman toiled with her trunk on his shoulder. "By Josh, that's 'eavy!" said he, as he lowered it carefully upon the carpet of the spare-room. There was no one in but the housemaid, and she was just going out, so the young lady had the house to herself. She lighted the gas and proceeded to refresh her toilette after traveling. Her trunk must be opened. She kneeled before it. The key for some reason refused to turn. Her bunch contained many others, and she tried several until at last the lock clicked

and the lid started by the pressure of the contents.

If the reader has divined that Miss Alice Maud is the young lady "which" as the porter said was very good-looking, and that the trunk she has just unlocked is the trunk whose loss is giving Mr. Thomas John a sleepless night, it will be understood that we are on the verge of a horror that we shudder to contemplate. But, as was remarked at the outset, this is a tale of good luck, and the nerves of our readers may be protected in advance by the assurance that the good luck of this story endures to the end and the expected never happens. The young lady is alone in this great house, all other rooms are dark, the shop below is closed, the street is comparatively deserted, if she should need assistance no cry of hers could reach a human ear. She kneels before the trunk, her hands are upon it, she has commenced to raise the lid, when — the front door opens, and voices are heard upon the stairs.

She rose to her feet, her cheeks flushing and her eyes sparkling with pleasure. The parties approaching, on reaching the landing, naturally turned aside to ascertain wherefor the spare-room was lighted. A young lady entered. There was a scream of delight and the two girls were in each other's arms. Then the old people entered and there was great hugging and kissing as they welcomed their daughter after six months' absence on the Continent. We observe with some relief that Pater, who weighs two hundred and forty, and who, moreover, is winded by the ascent, has seated himself on the trunk. So it is well for the present. After a few minutes of incoherent conversation the entire family withdraw to the dining-room; the door of the spare-room is closed and we can breathe freely for a little while. Francis George, who lives from home, was sent for and arrived in time to join them in a late English supper. After supper Alice Maud reëntered the spare-room, apparently to retire. The other young lady burst impetuously into the room exclaiming:

"Oh! sister mine, you must sleep with me; it will take half the night to answer all my questions. And, besides, Frank will stay till morning, and he must sleep here." However, they sat on the bed with their arms about each other, conversing for several minutes.

"And there is your trunk, Maud, covered all over with labels; just see where you have been. I suppose it is crammed with good things. Really, dear, you must show me your gowns." She rose and went to the trunk.

"Wait till morning, Fannie," said Alice. "The trunk is very full and I would not like to litter up Frank's room to-night." So the trunk was not yet opened.

"Well," said Fannie, "let's go to bed. Come, sister."

"I must get my night-gown," said Alice, going to the trunk.

"Is it on top?" inquired Fannie.

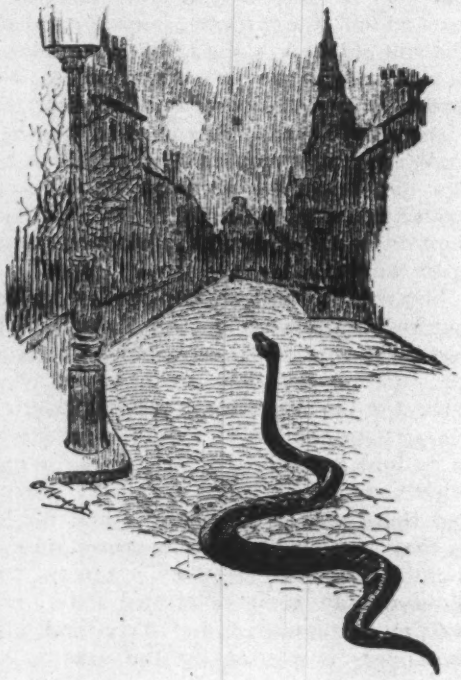
"No, it is near the bottom."

"Then leave it and I will lend you one of mine."

How many times they have been on the verge of opening that trunk and we, who know its hideous contents, have been kept in suspense! The two sisters left the room not one moment too soon. A crisis had arrived. Scarcely had the door closed when the lid of the trunk was pushed up by a scaly, bulging fold, and the reptile emerged, fresh and alert. The room was still lighted, the only shadow was beneath the bed, and thither the snake betook herself, drawing in her long body as a hawser glides through a hawse pipe. The lid of the trunk sank down and all remained as before. At that moment the young man entered and prepared to retire. One moment sooner and — but we shudder! Even now the situation is appalling. He turns out the light and gets into bed. When the room is in darkness the python

has no need of close quarters, and so it cautiously creeps out from under the bed and makes a silent circuit of the room. For a young man of steady habits and a total abstainer to boot, Mr. Francis George is dangerously near to an attack of delirium tremens. As it happens, he has left the door open just a few inches, and at length the head of the snake emerges three feet into the hall. Here it pauses, at the bottom of one flight of stairs and the top of another. Shall it go up or down? If it goes up, the young ladies' room is on the next landing, and the door is open. But inasmuch as it is easier to go down-stairs than up, the snake makes a wise choice and starts in the direction of the front door. By the rapidity of its descent it is dragged rather violently out of Francis George's room, and as it passes under a what-not with a low bottom shelf it makes considerable noise, and, moreover, it thrusts the door wide open. By the noise the young man is aroused from his first slumber, and, under the impression that someone is in the room, he inquires "Who's there?" Receiving no reply, he turns around and perceives that his door is wide open. This surprises him and he gets out of bed to close it. Fortunately he does so at the right moment. Two seconds earlier and he would have stepped upon the python; one second earlier and he would have jammed its tail in the door. As it was, he closed the door just as the scaly tip glided over the edge of the top stair. The house is dark and silent and the snake has gone down the stairs into the front hall. What will it do next? Will it remain at the bottom of that cul-de-sac and furnish a sensation for the unfortunate who is the first to descend in the morning? Or will it ascend that steep path, and, passing the closed doors on the first landing, will it enter the chamber where the sisters lie in each other's arms? What a night of terror! And all in the house are slumbering in sweet unconsciousness.

The good luck we have so repeatedly mentioned is about to operate once more. Betsy Ann, the young housemaid, who was about to leave the house when Miss Alice Maud arrived, has spent the evening with her young man at the band-playing in Victoria Park and has returned about the time when the family were retiring. From her window on the fourth or fifth floor, Betsy Ann has witnessed the home-coming of Susan Jane, a housemaid three doors removed. Now Betsy Ann and Susan Jane being bosom friends, it is their custom on their evening out to meet on the stairs and compare notes of their respective young men. So Betsy Ann descends and makes her way to Susan Jane's front door, and the two housemaids sit on the steps and mutually report the progress of their respective courtships. But how does this accommodate the snake?



In the following manner: The front door closed with a spring lock and, once closed, could not be opened from the outside without a special night-key. This key, in her haste, Betsy Ann had left on her bureau in the tray that held her hair-pins. So, to prevent locking herself out, she had not closed the door, but had left it like the famous door in Bardell and Pickwick, "on the jar." So when the snake came gliding down there was an aperture sufficient to let her out. And there was a full-grown female python on Mare Street, Hackney, in the middle of the night.

III

How a Serpent May Live in London

As soon as breakfast was over the next morning the two young ladies went into the spare-room to inspect the trunk. It was still closed, but when the lid was lifted, to their amazement, it was empty. But in what a condition after being occupied by a slimy reptile! Here is a misapprehension to be removed. Snakes are not slimy; their scaly skins are dry and clean. And so the trunk was as immaculate as when it was new; there was nothing to suggest the use to which it had been put. But how came it empty? Mr. Francis George recalled the fact that he had been awakened by a noise in the room and had found his door wide open. Forthwith, it also appeared that Betsy Jane was honest and truthful, and she confessed with many tears that she had been absent from the house at midnight for the space of an hour, during which time the front door had been open.

Mr. Thomas John, in his anxious scrutiny of the morning paper, did read that a house on Mare Street had been entered by burglars and a lady's trunk rifled of its contents. But not until later did he connect this with the affair in which he was so warmly interested. But, in the meantime, what became of the snake?

There are indications that it enjoyed a nocturnal promenade on Mare Street. It appears to have been seen by a hilarious individual whom the closing of the public-houses had ejected upon the sidewalk, but who, nevertheless, defiantly proclaimed to the universe that he wouldn't "go home till morning, till (hic) daylight doth appear." This gentleman had "'ad 'em once," and what he saw in the dim light as he turned the corner upon Mare Street convinced him that he "'ad 'em again." So he embraced a friendly lamp-post and sent forth into the night a long quavering howl which brought Policeman X40 upon the scene, by whom he was arrested and conveyed to the station. Events like these occurred several nights in succession. Delirium tremens became epidemic upon Mare Street. The neighborhood became unpopular among gentlemen of bibulous habits.

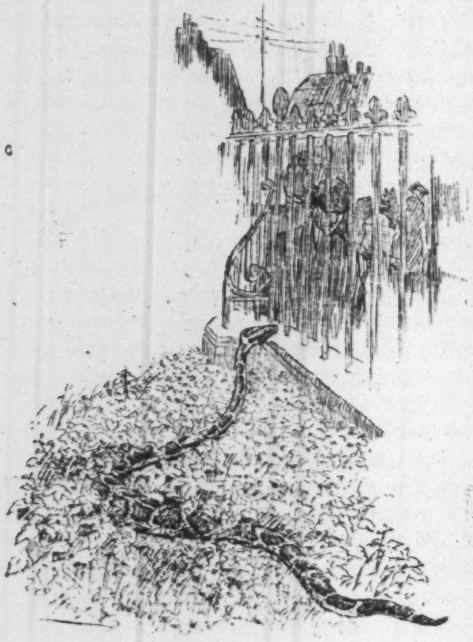
But what became of the snake in the glaring day when the streets of London roar with pounding hoofs and grinding wheels?

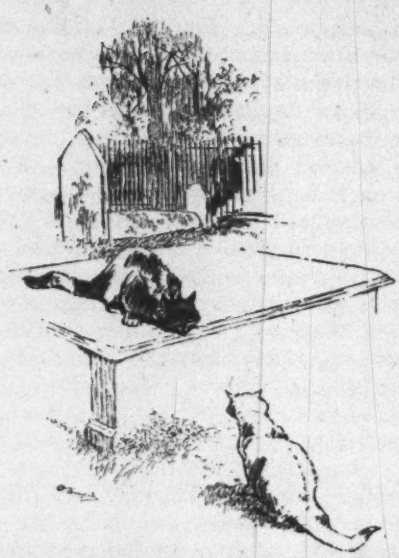
Midway on Mare Street stands old Hackney church with its closely packed graveyard raised several feet above the pavement, separated from the crowded sidewalk only by a low stone wall, so that the dead are cheek-by-jowl with the living. At the end of the graveyard furthest from the church was a large triangular patch of nettles with one angle resting on the low stone wall above the Mare Street sidewalk. This was the only spot in Hackney which presented conditions anything approaching its natural habitat. Here, subsequent investigations

showed, the python took up her abode for several days, perhaps for several weeks. Here was the circular spot where she lay coiled when nights were chilly. Here, between the nettles and the wall of the building at the end of the graveyard, was the place where she lay stretched out in the warm sunlight, peering out through the nettles almost into the faces of the passing throng. How did she manage to live?

That question is easily answered. Hackney churchyard is an aristocratic feline rendezvous. Here assembles nightly a numerous philharmonic association. Besides vocal entertainment there were other attractions which drew together a concourse of cats. The love-making of the parish was transacted here. All local feline disputes were brought hither and settled, some by arbitration and some by war. In fact our python had but to uncoil half her length to help herself to live cat-meat, which is Belgian hare to a snake. She had bass, alto, tenor, and soprano on her bill of fare. Before her depredations had reduced the choral society to such a degree as to excite suspicion an end came to this security and plenty.

An officious church-warden took it into his head that a thicket of nettles in a graveyard is unsightly, so he ordered the sexton to cut them down. Swish, swish, swish; nearer and nearer came the scythe. The

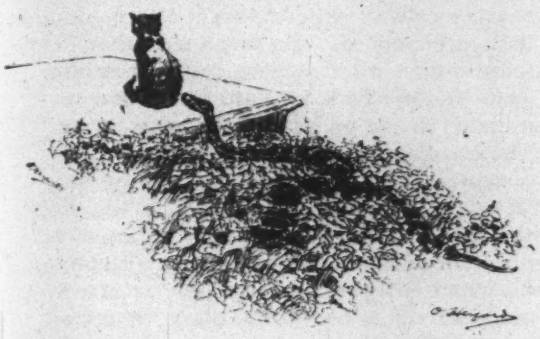




snake glided silently away to a temporary shelter at the other side of the church, and old Giles was spared the fright of his life. That night she issued forth in search of a more secure abode. Along the hard paved streets of the city she went at a time of night when only tavern outcasts were abroad. Midnight roisterers are a very susceptible class of people, and that is why it is that the python's course can be traced by a trail of delirium tremens. At last she felt beneath her scales the soft dewy grass of Victoria Park. She crossed a narrow arm of one of the lakes and made her home amid the flags and sedges of a small island. Here she remained secure from molestation for the rest of the summer. Her food was water-fowl and she helped herself promiscuously. But those water-fowl were the special charge of one of the under park keepers, "which his name it were Joseph James." Joseph James was not long in detecting a diminution in the number of his charges. In a short time the Chief Warden observed the same phenomenon and he bestowed upon his underling a severe reprimand.

The diminution went on perceptibly. Ducks and other fowl which Joseph James knew by sight were missing from time to time and seen no more. Joseph James was threatened with the loss of his position, which imperilled not only his bread and butter, but also his enjoyment of the seat by the fireside in the tap-room of the "Pig and Whistle," to which he was entitled by virtue of being a regular customer

and steady pay. A man out of work, Joseph James very well knew, would not be welcome at the "Pig and Whistle," or anywhere else. One afternoon, as he was dejectedly brooding over the problem, a duck which he was watching gave a loud quack, threw up its wings, and sank beneath the water. "Swap me bob!" said Joseph James. "That's the first time I ever see a duck take a cramp and git drownded." Upon second thought he concluded that the duck had been drawn under by some animal below the surface. He took his punt and poled out to inspect a small island in that vicinity. At the farther side he received quite a shock. Between the reeds and the water extended the body of a serpent. It was in motion, and his eyes distended as yard after yard glided upward until the tapering tail disappeared in the thicket and all was still. He returned



to the shore in great excitement and reported thus to the Park Warden: "I found out wot's 'ookin' of them ducks, sir. There's a bloomin' big snyke on that there hisland."

The Park Warden seemed to think this quite probable until Joseph James proceeded to give his estimate of the reptile's proportions, then he became incredulous and dismissed him with advice to attend to his work and drink less.

"Did ever you hear the like?" demanded Joseph James of a sympathetic audience to whom he had delivered an eloquent recital of his peculiar grievances. "'Ere 'e's ear-wiggin' of me every dy 'cos them ducks and mud'ens is goin' off, an' w'en I finds a blahsted big snyke 'e sez I got the jim-jams."

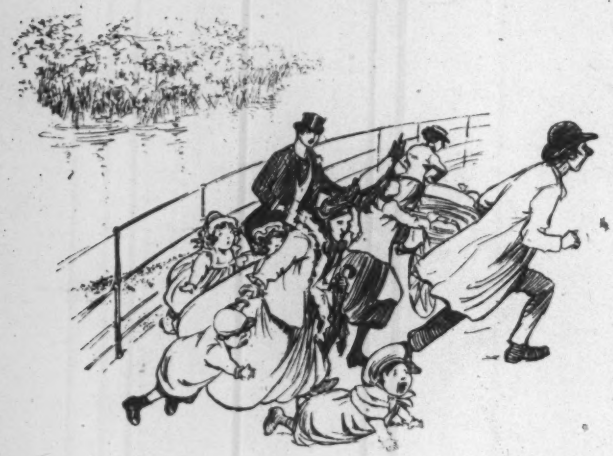
"M'ybe you 'as," was the facetious reply. To be sure the jim-jams were getting to be a very common complaint in that particular part of London. Men were having attacks in broad daylight and in Victoria Park. The police were becoming so sensitive on the subject that whoever reported having "seen a snyke" was summarily hauled away to the station and treated to the Keeley cure.

"Look 'ere, Myte," said a good-natured bystander, "if I was you I wouldn't sy too much abart that there snyke, or m'ybe you'll lose yer job."

Joseph James, not being by any means a total abstainer, actually began to have his doubts and boldly announced his intention to revisit the island and settle the matter. This was heroic, and the crowd gathered on the shore to watch. He landed and strode about among the rushes prodding here and there with his pole. Suddenly there rose up before him the head of a great serpent and looked him steadily in the face. A most precipitate retreat would have been quite excusable. But Joseph James had a problem to solve. He winked hard several times, but could not eliminate the serpent from his vision. He unlimbered his pole for action, shouting, "Snyke or jim-jams, 'ere's at you!" The snake took the hint and got herself into marching order. None too soon, for as she swept aside in her undulating movement the pole came down with a blow that would have smashed her flat. The snake took to the water, fortunately on the side nearest the mainland, in full view of the crowd. Whereat there were cries of horror, panic, and stampede. Joseph James took to the water at the same moment but

on the other side of the island. A few bold spirits in the crowd stood their ground and with shouts and stones turned the reptile back to the island, which it regained about the same instant that Joseph James stepped ashore. The news spread and the crowd grew every moment. The Park Warden appeared. "There's yer snyke, Mr. Warden," said Joseph James; "'e ayn't no jim-jams; 'e's gone back on 'is hisland." Taking the collective testimony of the crowd the snake appeared to be about the size of the flag-pole on the green yonder. That is to say, about two feet in diameter and something over a hundred feet long.

The matter was so serious that the Warden telegraphed to Mr. Thomas John, of Jamrach & Co.'s, with whom he had had dealings in the wild beast way. That telegram furnished a clue for the solution of a problem over which Mr. Thomas John had been worrying all summer. He arrived within an hour, and, after looking carefully over the island, he pronounced the reptile a full-grown female python, probably the one that had escaped from him early in the summer. A large hamper and several men were landed upon the island. By whatever arts the reptile was captured, the hunt was concealed from the spectators by the thick rushes. But certain it is that the hamper was much heavier when it came back. As it was hoisted into a cart and driven away someone in the crowd shouted, "Now, there won't be no more jim-jams!" The remark was so significant that Mr. Thomas John inquired its meaning and was informed that there had been an unusual number of cases of delirium tremens in that locality, and the peculiar thing about them was that the victims had invariably been seized with their attacks in the streets. Mr. Thomas John saw a great light. He spent several days in the neighborhood looking up the exact localities where these attacks had been experienced. He found that they extended over an irregular course reaching from Victoria Park to Mare Street and terminated in the vicinity of Hackney church. The churchyard was the only piece of unoccupied land in the vicinity and he subjected it to a rigid scrutiny. In the soil that had been soft in the early summer he observed indications that meant so much to his practised eye. In fact he was able to read the whole history of the python's sojourn there of several weeks. Evidently, then, it was somewhere in this neighborhood that it had first succeeded in escaping from the trunk. But how had it done so without discovery, that was the mystery. He went to the nearest police station and asked permission to look over their calendar. Being taken for a detective, permission was easily obtained. He found that about the middle of May a house on Mare Street had been burglariously entered and a lady's trunk rifled of its contents. The trunk, it seemed, had not been taken away. Very good; he would call and see that trunk. He was received by the two young ladies, Miss Alice Maud, as it happened, being home for the day. They readily gave him all needed information and showed him the trunk, still in the spare-room. How his pulse quickened! It was his own trunk; there were the gimlet holes he had bored, so small that they had escaped notice. He ran over all the facts. The trunk



had been unlocked, but not opened. The bedroom door and the hall door had both been open; a young man sleeping in the room had been awakened by a noise. He could see it all. He looked at the two beautiful girls who had been exposed to such a frightful peril, and such a wave of thankfulness came over him that his eyes filled with tears. One more question remained: How could he return these ladies their property without letting them know the dreadful truth? "You had just returned from the Continent, young lady," said he. "Would you mind giving me a list of the places you visited?" The list was furnished and he compared it with the labels pasted on the trunk. It was then seen that they were not identical. No one had thought of making this comparison before. "Just as I supposed, Miss," said he. "This is not your trunk." The young ladies exchanged looks of dismay. "The parties who took your trunk," he continued, "evidently took trunk and all and substituted another just like it."

"But how do you know that?" she asked.

"Because I have your trunk and its contents in my possession, and you shall receive it to-morrow morning."

The ladies were surprised and delighted. But Alice inquired: "But if you have recovered the trunk did you not also capture the thieves?"

Mr. Thomas John, not being a detective in reality, found himself becoming very hot, and he replied seriously: "Well, young ladies, I see that I shall have to explain the whole matter. Your trunk was not stolen at all. The fact is that you brought up my trunk from London Bridge station and left yours behind."

"The idea," said Alice Maud, "and the men who handled that trunk complained that it was heavy and made me pay extra."

"Oh, they will always do that!" said Mr. Thomas John as he prepared to leave. He was anxious to get away. What if they should ask him how it happened that his trunk was empty, just back from the Continent! Once on the street and out of all danger he experienced a revulsion of feeling and hailed a passing cab. It was a needless expense, but he wanted to laugh for about an hour, and this was the only available privacy.

The next morning Miss Alice Maud received her trunk and the empty one was sent away. Not a thing was missing, and a delightful day was spent by the girls in the examination of continental souvenirs. Mr. Francis George arrived that evening. He listened incredulously to the story of the trunks. "So," said he, "you brought up an empty trunk from the station and didn't know it. And there was no burglary at all."

"So it appears."

"Very well, then; now tell me what it was that woke me up that night and who threw my bedroom door wide open."

No one could answer these questions, and Mr. Francis George was invited to state his opinion.

"My opinion," said he, "is this. The trunk was stolen and an empty one left in its place, which was probably done to keep us quiet while they got away with the swag The thief then found that he could not get the trunk off his hands without detection Or it may be that he became conscience-stricken and wished to return to an honest life. So he trumped up this story as a means of restoring stolen property However, you have your trunk and he has his. So all's well that ends well!" With which appropriate sentiment we terminate our tale of a snake.

A CHRISTMAS CHIME

BY

MARGARET CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "COMEDIES IN MINIATURE"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON FISHER

A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

LONGFELLOW

CHARACTERS:

JOSEPH TERRILL
GLADYS TERRILL
DOLLY WAKELEE
TED OWEN

THE living-room in the Terrills' country house is a large, comfortable apartment, where dark woods, Oriental rugs and hangings, wide window-benches, and low, deep-seated chairs and divans, combine to give an air of restfulness and of familiar use. In the early dusk of a December afternoon, blazing logs are supported by the old andirons in the fireplace, and the firelight dances across bits of brass, copper and choice cloisonné, reveals rows of well-worn bindings in many low bookcases, blends into one white line the keys of the grand piano, and plays among the shadows of the Christmas garlands, holly wreaths, and mistletoe with which the room is hung.

Joe Terrill, genial, kindly, tender, but capable of determined tenacity of purpose, disposes his generous length and avoirdupois as best he may at the top of a shaky step-ladder, while he suspends a branch of mistletoe from the top of a doorway leading to the hall. Gladys, his wife, stands in an easy-chair near an opposite door, which leads to the dining-room, arranging vines over a picture frame. She is of medium height, slender, graceful, impetuous, with a musical voice and a quick and captivating manner.

Their task is almost finished. One or two unused wreaths lie on a small table, and the room is more or less in disorder.

GLADYS: What time is it, Joe?

JOE [*looking at his watch*]: Four twenty-eight.

GLADYS: Dolly's train is due in two minutes. I wonder if it will be on time?

JOE [*his mouth full of tacks*]: Ted's due in five.

GLADYS: Dear old Ted! I shall be so glad to see him! He hasn't been here in —how long is it, Joe? Three months?

JOE: Well, it's even longer than that since we've seen Dolly.

GLADYS: I suppose she's been too busy preparing her trousseau to make visits. She hasn't even written to me for weeks. She accepted this invitation by postal!

JOE [*fumbling in his pockets*]: Oh, by Jove! Here's a letter that came for you yesterday, and I forgot to give it to you.

GLADYS: Oh, Joe, how could you!

JOE [*contritely, scrambling down from the ladder*]: I'm sorry, dear. It's from Dolly, too.

GLADYS: From Dolly? I hope she hasn't decided not to come! [*She takes the letter from him and hastily opens it.*] Not dated, of course! Just like Dolly! [*Reads.*] "Dear Gladys:—Before I come to you I think I'd better tell you—" Oh, she's coming, then! [*She perches on an arm of the chair, her feet in the seat, and reads rapidly and indistinctly. Joe returns to his task.*] "—Save us all embarrassment——m-m-m-m——you understand——m-m-m-m——my engagement to Mr. Owen——" *Joe!*

JOE: Well, what is it? [*Gladys reads on rapidly, ignoring him.*] Gladys! Gladys! [*impatiently rejoining her*], what's the matter? Can't you tell a fellow?

GLADYS [*tragically, lowering the letter*]: Joe Terrill, we're in the most awful scrape! You must wire Ted not to come. [*She reads the letter again.*]

JOE: Wire Ted not to come! Why, my dear girl, he's almost at the gate by this time!

GLADYS: I can't help that. He mustn't come!

JOE: Why mustn't he come? Isn't Dolly coming?

GLADYS: That's just it! Dolly *is* coming!

JOE: Well?

GLADYS: Listen to this! [*Reads.*] "Dear Gladys:—Before I come to you, I think I'd better tell you something that will perhaps surprise you. It will save us all embarrassment if you and Joe understand before I arrive that my engagement to Mr. Owen has been broken off. Please do not question me, as I prefer not to talk about it, and I have nothing further to say except that this is final. I will never forgive him! Never! Yours, Dolly."

JOE [*slowly, in consternation*]: By the great horn spoon! What are we going to do? Didn't you tell Dolly that we had asked Ted to come also?

GLADYS: Why—I don't remember what I said. No, of course I didn't! If I had, she wouldn't be coming, would she?

JOE [*impatiently*]: Just like a woman! Can't even state plainly a simple invitation to spend Christmas!

GLADYS: Well, it hasn't been necessary to tell her anything about Ted's movements lately. She's known more about his plans than he has himself.

JOE: I know; but there's always danger of a situation like this. A little plain business caution is never out of place. Now, if you had said——

GLADYS [*with spirit*]: Oh, well, there's no great danger, after all, for of course you told Ted that we had invited Dolly.

JOE: Er—no—I—I wrote rather hastily, you know, and——

GLADYS [*mischievously*]: Yes, but there's always danger of a situation like this, you know, and if you had used a little plain, business caution—! Now *I* make no claim to a knowledge of business methods, but certainly I have a right to expect that *you* could state plainly a simple invitation to spend Christmas.

JOE [*botly*]: Now, see here, Gladys, it's all very well for you to sit up there and jeer, but a man has rather too many things on his mind to pay much attention to social——

GLADYS: Now, Joe, don't try to crawl out through that little aperture. You have done it often enough, I admit, to have worn an easy passage, even for your figure, but you must have learned, also, that it leads nowhere. And as both Dolly and Ted will be here within ten minutes, we have something more pressing to do than to sit here and revile each other. [*She steps down from the chair and joins him.*] The question before the house is, what are we going to do with them?

JOE: There's only one thing to do. Dolly's the aggressor; Dolly must go.

GLADYS: It would be interesting to know how you make that out.

JOE: Dolly broke the engagement. If she hadn't done that, there would have been no such situation; ergo, Dolly is responsible and must bear the consequences.

GLADYS: But if Dolly broke the engagement, it was because Ted was unendurable.

JOE: Oh, I don't know. My knowledge of Dolly would lead me to suspect that it might have been because he wore a blue cravat, or because he said he liked terrapin.

GLADYS: You never were fair to Dolly! She's capricious; I admit that frankly——

JOE [*dryly*]: Thanks for the concession!

GLADYS: But she's not unjust, and if she found it necessary to break her engagement to Ted, it was because——

JOE: Now, see here, Gladys, Ted's a gentleman, isn't he?

GLADYS [*promptly*]: Yes.

JOE: And an uncommonly thoughtful and unselfish fellow, isn't he?

GLADYS: Y—yes.

JOE: And head over heels in love with Dolly, isn't he?

GLADYS: We—ell——

JOE: Honor, now, Gladys!

GLADYS: Oh, yes [*impatiently*], yes, I suppose so!

JOE: And Dolly is—well, call it capricious, isn't she?

GLADYS [*reluctantly*]: Yes.

JOE: And inclined to look with impartial favor on the sons of Adam?

GLADYS [*with spirit*]: Dolly is not a flirt!

JOE [*mildly*]: Oh, isn't she? Well—I didn't say she was, did I?

GLADYS: N—no, not exactly.

JOE: And it stands to reason that if Dolly and Ted have had a few words and parted, it was not Ted's fault.

GLADYS [*resentfully*]: I never saw anything like the *esprit de corps* of you men! You'll quarrel bitterly among yourselves, but if it comes to a question of simple justice between a man and a woman, you'll take it for granted that the man is right, without making the slightest inquiry into the matter, and you'll stand by that man through thick and thin, right or wrong, to the bitter end, just because he is a man!

JOE [*coolly*]: Thanks. I'm glad to see that even in the heat of something approaching anger, you can still be just to us, and I regret that I cannot remember having found [*with a deprecatory smile*], in *other* members of your sex, the quality that you so generously attribute to mine. However, that's neither here nor there. As you said a few moments ago, we have no time to exchange compliments. We must decide what we're going to do.

GLADYS [*looking out a window*]: Too late! There comes the carriage, and Dolly's in it!

JOE [*looking out another window*]: And there comes Ted from the other station in the trap.

GLADYS: Well, you'll have to explain to Ted——

JOE: I'll do nothing of the sort! If there are to be any explanations, you'll make them—to Dolly.

GLADYS: Joe, I can't send Dolly away. She was my bridesmaid.

JOE: You seem to have forgotten that Ted was my best man.

GLADYS [*almost in tears*]: If Ted stays, Dolly and I will have our meals served in our rooms. I will not have her subjected to his persecutions!

JOE [*gravely*]: You will, of course, do as you think best, but I should feel it a serious affront if my wife refused to receive a guest whom I had invited to our house.

[*The door bell rings.*]

GLADYS [*nervously*]: There she is! Oh, dear, what shall I do?

JOE: Once for all, Gladys, Ted stays! [*He removes step-ladder, etc.*]

Enter from the hall Dolly Wakelee, a small, impulsive, imperative young woman, whose fair hair curls softly over a pink and white blossom face, and whose merry mouth is surrounded by twinkling dimples, the radiance of which is only faintly dimmed by her somewhat pensive bearing. She is in traveling dress and wears furs.

GLADYS [*running to meet her*]: Oh, you dear thing!

DOLLY: Oh, Gladys!

GLADYS [*kissing her*]: I thought your train would never come!

DOLLY: The old thing just poked! It stopped every time there was a board off the fence!

GLADYS [*unfastening Dolly's wraps*]: Such ages since we've seen you!

DOLLY: Perfect æons!

GLADYS: I'm so glad you've come! You're such a popular young person, we feared our invitation might be too late.

JOE [*in the background*]: Aren't you going to give me a chance to say a word to Dolly, Gladys?

GLADYS: Oh, of course! Joe's been so impatient for your arrival, Dolly! He's looked at his watch every ten minutes for the last hour.

DOLLY [*shaking hands with Joe*]: Joe's good to me always. I'll never be able to tell you [*pensively*] what a relief it is to be down here to-day!

[*The door bell rings.*]

GLADYS [*starting nervously and looking at Joe*]: Oh, we're delighted! Simply delighted to have you here, all to ourselves, you know. [*She makes frantic signals to Joe, who is wilfully obtuse, to intercept Ted.*] Katie took your bag, didn't she? Let's go right up to your room where you can lay aside your wraps.

JOE: Perhaps you'd better explain to Dolly, before she takes off her things——

GLADYS: Oh, we shall have plenty of time for explanations and arrangements.

"WELL, WHAT IS IT? [*Gladys reads on rapidly, ignoring him*]."

JOE: That other train goes in half an hour, you know.

GLADYS [*transfixing him with a glare, but speaking lightly*]: Yes, I know; but it's too cold to go out again. I'm sure Dolly's had all the drive that she wants to-day. You'd better send one of the men [*with significant emphasis*] to the train with that letter.

JOE: What letter?

GLADYS: The one that you expected Dolly and me to mail at the train, dearie! Come, Dolly; we'll go this way — through the dining-room.

TED (*in the hall*): In the living-room, Katie? All right; I know the way.

DOLLY [*pausing, startled*]: Whose voice is that?

GLADYS [*hurriedly*]: That? Oh, that's — that's a man who has come to see Joe about — about game. He's been trespassing. He won't be here long. Joe will send him away. Come, Dolly, come! This way!

DOLLY [*uncertainly*]: It sounded like ——

GLADYS: Yes, yes, it sounded like — like a gentleman's voice, didn't it? He *is* a very superior sort of a trespasser. Don't be too tender-hearted, Joe, and make him understand [*meaningly*] that this must not continue.

[*Exit Gladys, pushing Dolly before her to the dining-room.*]

JOE: Whew!

[*Enter from the hall Ted Owen, a frank, energetic, vigorous young fellow, whose naturally hearty manner is somewhat subdued by the weight of a heavy heart.*]

JOE [*cordially*]: Hello, old man!

TED [*shaking hands*]: Hello, Joe!

JOE: I'm mighty glad you could come, old chap! We were afraid you might have some other engagement. It would have broken Gladys all up, you know. Actually, she's been trying to hurry the clock for three hours!

TED [*nervously walking about*]: Thanks. Gladys is always good to me. You and she are the right sort. I — er — has she heard — that is — is she well?

JOE: Fine as a fiddle!

TED! That's good! I — er — have you had any — that is — *many* guests lately?

JOE: No, we were saying just before you arrived that it was months since you'd been here.

TED: Yes. Er — Joe, old man, have you — have you anything to smoke?

JOE: I *beg* your pardon, Ted! Here [*offers cigarette case*], or do you prefer a cigar?

TED: Oh, thanks! [*Takes cigarette and absently thrusts it into his vest pocket, to Joe's manifest amazement.*] I wonder — has Gladys heard from — that is — have you heard the latest news from China?

JOE: Still looks pretty squally, doesn't it?

TED: Yes, and the worst of it is, she won't accept any explanation.

JOE: Eh?

TED [*groaning*]: Oh, by Jove, I hoped she'd told you about it!

JOE: Who?

TED: Dolly.

JOE [*a sudden light of comprehension in his face*]: Oh! She has! Oh, yes, she has. Awfully sorry, old man! [*They shake hands solemnly.*]

TED: Does Gladys know?

JOE: Gladys knows. Oh, yes, *Gladys knows!*

TED [*sighing*]: Oh, that's all right, then! I dreaded to tell her, for she and — Miss Wakelee are such friends I feared ——

JOE [*with exaggerated cordiality*]: Surely you didn't think that Gladys would blame you? *You?* Oh, come now, Ted! Gladys blame *you?*

TED: Then she doesn't think ——?

JOE: Oh, no, she — that is — she — oh, here she comes! [*Sighs deeply and wipes his brow.*]

[*Enter Gladys from the dining-room.*]

GLADYS: Oh, here's Ted! How do you do? [*She looks inquiringly at Joe, who vigorously shakes his head.*]

TED: How do, Gladys? It's very good of you to ask me down here to-day, under the circumstances. I can't tell you how I appreciate it.

GLADYS: Then Joe hasn't told you ——?

JOE [*hastily*]: No, I haven't had time to tell him. The fact is, Ted, Gladys and I — er — Gladys and I [*suddenly*] — want you to spend every Christmas with us! We consider you quite one of the family, you know, and we simply won't take no for an answer! Every Christmas, old man!

TED: Now, that's mighty good of you, Gladys! That's what I call friendship! [*Gladys perfunctorily smiles at him, but her glance at Joe is thorny.*]

JOE: Then you'll do it?

TED: You may count on me every time!

JOE: Good!

GLADYS: But this year, Ted ——

"DOLLY [*tragically*]: WHOSE HAT IS THIS?"

JOE [*hastily*]: Yes, this year we should have been heart-broken — simply *heart-broken*—if you couldn't have come! By the way, you haven't seen our new team, have you? Don't you want to go out to the stable and take a look at them?

TED: Delighted.

JOE: Come on, then. Gladys will excuse us. [*He hurries Ted into the hall, and pauses at the door, speaking cautiously to Gladys*]: Have you told her?

GLADYS [*spiritedly*]: Indeed, I've not! If you don't tell him soon, he'll miss his train.

JOE: I intend that he shall miss it! [*Exit Joe. Gladys makes a little gesture of weariness and despair.*]

[*Enter Dolly from dining-room.*]

DOLLY: Where's Joe? I thought I heard his voice.

GLADYS: He's gone out to the stable to see the new team.

DOLLY [*with enthusiasm*]: Oh, let's go too! I simply adore horses!

"TED [*sternly*]: WHOSE HANDKERCHIEF IS THIS?"

GLADYS: We'll go later — to-morrow, I mean. It's too cold now.
DOLLY [*strolling about*]: Do you mind cold? I don't.
GLADYS [*shivering ostentatiously*]: Oh, yes, I can't stand it at all.
DOLLY: How odd! [*She approaches the window and pauses, looking out.*] Gladys, who's that with Joe?
GLADYS: With Joe! [*She hurriedly draws Dolly away from the window.*] Oh, it's just the man I told you about; the horse man.
DOLLY [*trying to look out*]: The horse man? What horse man? You didn't say anything about a horse man.
GLADYS: Why, yes, I did! The man who came to see Joe, you know!
DOLLY: You didn't say a word about a horse man. If you had, I should have stayed. I adore horses. You said a trespasser.
GLADYS: Did I? Oh, yes, of course! Well, he *is* a trespasser. He's a horse man, and he's been letting his horses get into our field, and that [*triumphantly*] is trespass, you know.
DOLLY: Oh! Well, what has that got to do with game?
GLADYS: Game?
DOLLY: Yes, you said something about game.
GLADYS: Oh, no! No, I didn't, Dolly.
DOLLY [*positively*]: You said that man had come to see Joe about game.
GLADYS [*disconcerted for an instant*]: Oh, I—I—why no, I didn't, Dolly; I said claim! Joe's claim — for damages, you know. C, l, a, i, m, *claim!*
DOLLY [*eyeing her incredulously*]: Oh, did you? [*Turns towards window.*]
GLADYS [*detaining her*]: Of course I did! What a dear little ring, Dolly! Where did you get it?
DOLLY: Why, don't you remember? Ted — at least — Mr. Owen gave it to me, long before we were — that is, a long time ago.
GLADYS: Why, Dolly! Didn't you send back his gifts?
DOLLY [*indignantly*]: Certainly I did! But this little ring [*pensively*] was — different. It was the first thing he ever gave me, and I promised him [*tremulously*] that no matter what came, I would always wear it, so — so I had to keep my promise, you know.
GLADYS: Then this is just a tiff?
DOLLY: Not at all! This is the end of everything! [*Tragically*] Everything! Why, Gladys, what do you suppose he did?
GLADYS: What did he *do?*
DOLLY: Well, you know that horrid little fox-terrier he's so fond of?
GLADYS: Blitzen; yes.
DOLLY: I heard him say, one day, that nothing but death should ever separate him from that dog, so — just for fun — I pretended to take a dislike to the beast, and

asked him to give it away, and, Gladys, he refused — point blank!

GLADYS: Of course he did!

DOLLY: Well, I don't see any "of course" about it! I was only in fun at first, but after that, I thought I'd find out, once for all, which he cared most for, the dog or me, and — well, I found out! And it wasn't me!

GLADYS: Dolly Wakelee! You quarrelled with Ted and broke your engagement, just because he wouldn't yield to a silly, selfish whim like that?

DOLLY [*with dignity*]: I broke my engagement because I have no intention of marrying a man who would hold me second to his dog! If it had been his horse, I might have endured it — but his dog! [*Under Gladys's disapproving glance, she grows resentful.*] You don't mean to say that you would have submitted to such treatment!

GLADYS: When you've had a little more experience, Dolly, and know men better, you'll learn to appreciate ——

DOLLY [*pettishly*]: Oh, don't assume any matronly affectations with me, Gladys! You're only two years my senior. And you know perfectly well [*tearfully*] that it was brutal of Ted! Simply brutal! Joe will understand. [*She weeps disconsolately.*]

GLADYS: Joe will do nothing of the sort! He'll tell you, as I do, that you're a very silly girl to let a thing like that separate you from a man like Ted Owen, and I advise you to apologize at once, before it's too late.

DOLLY: I apologize? To Ted? Not for anything in the world! Not if he begged me on his bended knees.

GLADYS [*shortly*]: Well, he won't! Ted's not that sort. [*Joe and Ted are heard talking outside.*] Here come the men. Let's go up-stairs.

DOLLY [*mutinously*]: No, let's don't! I've hardly seen Joe at all.

GLADYS [*regarding her with critical deliberation*]: Well, if I were you, I should hardly want to see him in that plight. Your hair is mussed, and your eyes are swollen, and your nose is ——

DOLLY [*furiously*]: Gladys, you're simply horrid to-day! [*Exit hurriedly to dining-room, followed by Gladys.*]

[*Enter Joe and Ted from hall, disputing.*]

TED: But I tell you it was simply a whim, and I wouldn't cast off a good dog for any woman's caprice.

JOE: If you're going to be as stiff-necked as all that, you'd better get you to a monastery, where you won't have women to deal with! All charming women have whims, — if they hadn't, they wouldn't be so charming, — and any man ought to be glad to gratify them — when they're not too unreasonable!

TED: But this *was* too unreasonable!

JOE: Pooh! Nonsense! I don't blame her in the least. Naturally, she wanted to think she was first in your affections. You should have encouraged her — diplomatically — instead of flying off the handle in that hot-headed fashion.

TED: I suppose I should have sent poor old Blitzen to the pound, too?

JOE: Oh, stuff! She didn't want you to send him to the pound! She merely wanted to be sure that you *would* send him there, if she *should* ask it. Now, you go and apologize at once, before it's too late.

TED: I? Apologize? Not much!

JOE: Now, don't be a donkey, Ted!

TED [*stiffly*]: I do apologize to you, however. I have evidently made a grave mistake. I came down here under the impression that I was coming to friends who would understand my position and sympathize with my point of view. I still hope that Gladys will ——

JOE: Gladys will tell you, as I do, that you're making a blooming idiot of yourself, and that you'd better make your peace while you can.

TED: Since you entirely fail to grasp the situation, you will pardon me if I do not heed your advice! [*Exit stiffly to hall.*]

[*Enter Gladys from dining-room.*]

GLADYS: Well, of all the silly performances!

JOE: What's the matter now?

GLADYS: Dolly has just told me the story of the quarrel.

JOE: Sheer idiocy, isn't it?

GLADYS: You know?

JOE: Yes, Ted told me.

GLADYS: So foolish!

JOE: Absolutely senseless.

GLADYS: And selfish.

JOE: That's what I told him.

GLADYS: I wouldn't have believed it possible.

JOE: I hope you told her what you thought of it.

GLADYS: I did that.

JOE: Ted's in a towering rage with me.
GLADYS: Ted in a rage? What about?
JOE: Because I told him plainly that he was an ass, and advised him to go and make his peace on any terms, as soon as she'd let him.
GLADYS: Advised him to—Joe Terrill! You sympathize with *her?*
JOE: Of course I do! Who wouldn't?
GLADYS: Well, I wouldn't!
JOE: You don't mean to say that you think there's any sense in *his* attitude!
GLADYS: I think he was entirely right. Why should he sacrifice his dear old dog, just to satisfy a silly, vain little impulse of hers?
JOE: On the contrary, if he can't yield gracefully to a trifling little request like that, he'd better not hope to make her happy.
GLADYS: But it's so senseless! If she had any earthly reason for it——
JOE: She had her own reason, probably; and if a man's going to stop to find a reason that appeals to *him* for everything a woman asks of him, he'd better remain a bachelor! Dolly has her caprices, of course, but she's very sweet about them.
GLADYS: Oh, you men! A pretty, insipid face, with a dimple or two in it, will make putty of the best of you! I'd like to find a man who could be true to a friend, no matter how many pink cheeks beguiled!
JOE: When you find him, he'll be the husband of a consistent woman.
GLADYS: Oh, of course! You change your mind; I'm inconsistent! But I want to know what we're going to do with them. Here they are, both under our roof, and the last train's gone. You may humor Dolly if you like, but I refuse to be a party to any of her nonsense, and I shall see that Ted's not slighted, at any rate.
JOE: My dear girl, Ted's a man and can take care of himself. He has the stable and the grounds and the billiard-room at his disposal, and a little time for uninterrupted reflection will be salutary in his present frame of mind: but Dolly, poor little girl, is in trouble and needs your sympathy.
GLADYS: Well, she hasn't aroused it to any appreciable extent as yet!
JOE [*persuasively*]: Gladys, you mustn't neglect Dolly. It wouldn't be decent. She's your guest.
GLADYS [*obstinately*]: So is Ted.

[*Enter Dolly hastily from the hall, carrying a man's hat.*]

DOLLY [*tragically*]: Whose hat is this?
JOE: That? Oh, that—that's mine, you know.
DOLLY [*sarcastically*]: And those are your initials, are they? T. J. O. stands for Joseph Corbin Terrill, I suppose?
JOE: Oh, T. J.—oh, yes, that's—that's Ted's hat, you know.
DOLLY: And he is here?
JOE [*looking imploringly at Gladys, who is stonily silent*]: Why—er—that is—yes, he's here, Dolly, but you needn't see him.
DOLLY [*to Gladys*]: And this is what you asked me down here for—to confront me with this man, and subject me to this humiliation! I suppose you thought you could force me to——
JOE [*soothingly*]: No, no, Dolly! Really, we didn't know——
DOLLY [*wrathfully*]: Oh, no, of course you didn't know! I hadn't written to Gladys, explaining it all!
JOE: But you see, I——
DOLLY: Oh, this is unendurable! Unfortunately, the last train has gone, but I will remain in my room until there is an opportunity to get away, and I shall be grateful for the privilege of remaining there—*alone*! [*Exit to dining-room.*]
GLADYS: There! You see how sweet and reasonable she is!

[*Enter Ted from hall, carrying a lady's handkerchief.*]

TED [*sternly*]: Whose handkerchief is this?
GLADYS [*smiling confidently*]: That? Oh, that—that's mine, you know.
TED [*displaying embroidered initials in the corner*]: D. W. stands for Gladys Terrill, does it?
GLADYS: Oh, well, maybe it *is* Dolly's. She may have left it here.
TED: I found it in the hall just now, and I caught a glimpse of flying petticoats at the same time. Is she here? In this house?
GLADYS [*laughing nervously*]: Why—what a singular notion, Ted! [*She looks pleadingly at Joe, who regards her with a sardonic smile.*]
TED: Do me the honor to tell me the truth, if you please. Is she here?
GLADYS [*weakly*]: Y—yes, but——
TED [*angrily to Joe*]: And this is the reason for your sudden invitation to spend Christmas with you, is it? You thought you'd

get me down here where your roof would prove an obligation, and where the lack of transportation facilities would prevent flight, and force me to adopt the course you had laid out for me!

JOE [*wearily*]: My dear fellow, we didn't——

TED: A very pretty scheme, but you forget one little detail. "One man may lead a pony to the brink, but twenty thousand cannot make him drink!" Unfortunately, circumstances compel me to accept your hospitality for a few hours longer, but I shall endeavor to encroach upon your other guests as little as possible. [*Exit Ted to hall.*]

JOE [*mildly*]: Amiable young man! What girl could refuse an invitation to live with that temper? So gentle! So considerate! So just!

GLADYS: Well, it's all your fault, anyway. If you had given me that letter when it arrived, we might have been spared all this!

JOE: If you'd take a firm stand with Ted, it would all smooth out now.

GLADYS: You try taking a firm stand with Dolly.

JOE: Don't want to. Dolly's all right.

GLADYS: Oh, of course! Dolly's young and pretty — and she has dimples — so it's not of the least consequence that she has neither right nor reason on her side! That's what it is to belong to the logical sex!

JOE: But, you see, Dolly is——

GLADYS: Oh, yes, Dolly's this and Dolly's that! One would think, to hear you, that you were more than half in love with Dolly yourself! It's to be regretted that you didn't marry a woman of that type!

JOE [*in exasperation*]: I did!

GLADYS [*incredulously*]: What?

JOE [*doggedly*]: I did.

GLADYS: Joseph Terrill! I have forgiven you many things, but this is the last straw. I will never forgive you! *Never!* Moreover, I will have no further connection with this affair. I will go to my room and remain there until *your friend* Miss Wakelee has departed!

[*Exit Gladys, furiously, to hall.*]

JOE: Whew! "Hark! the herald angels sing!" [*Sits, his elbows on his knees, and clasps his head in his hands.*] And this is Christmas Eve!

[*Enter Ted from hall.*]

TED: I can't find my hat. Did I leave it——?

[*Enter Dolly from dining-room.*]

DOLLY: Oh, Joe, did I leave my handkerchief——

JOE [*as his guests stare at each other*]: Oh, *Lord!* [*Exit Joe precipitately.*]

TED [*awkwardly*]: Oh — er — how de do?

DOLLY [*nervously*]: Good — morn — afternoon.

TED: Er — nice day. [*Pause.*] You — er — you came down to spend Christmas?

DOLLY: Yes.

TED: So did I.

DOLLY: Ah?

TED: You don't mind?

DOLLY: Mind!

TED: Yes, you — perhaps you'd rather I hadn't come?

DOLLY [*coldly*]: Well — you're here now, you know.

TED [*dejectedly*]: Yes, so I am!

DOLLY [*suggestively*]: And — I'm here, too.

TED [*brightening*]: That's so!

DOLLY [*nervously, after a pause*]: How — how's Blitzen?

TED [*gruffly*]: Blitzen's *all right!*

DOLLY: I wish — I wish I had a — a dog.

TED [*eagerly*]: What kind of a dog?

DOLLY [*archly*]: I — I *think* I'd like a fox-terrier.

TED: Dolly!

[*Enter Joe from hall.*]

JOE [*hastily interposing himself between Dolly and Ted*]: Oh, by Jove! Dolly, let's go and take a walk. Wouldn't you like to take a walk? [*Ted looks anxious.*]

DOLLY: No, thanks, not to-night. [*Ted looks relieved.*]

JOE: Don't you want to go to the stable to see the new team? You're so fond of horses. [*Ted fidgets.*]

DOLLY: I? I *hate* horses! [*Joe looks bewildered, and Ted smiles ecstatically.*]

[*Enter Gladys from hall.*]

GLADYS [*in dismay*]: Oh, good gracious! [*She goes hastily to a small table and takes up a wreath.*] Ted, will you help me put up this wreath? We haven't quite finished decorating.

TED [*glancing wistfully at Dolly*]: With pleasure. [*He joins her while Joe engages Dolly in conversation.*]

GLADYS: Thanks so much! [*Quietly to him*] Poor old Ted! I'm so sorry about this wretched affair! But you may depend upon me to do all I can to help you.

TED: I'm sure of that, Gladys. [*They continue their conversation, trying the wreath in various positions.*]

JOE [*sympathetically to Dolly*]: This is pretty hard on you, little girl, but you may count on me through anything! I'll do all I can to make it easier for you. [*Dolly calls out all her dimples.*]

GLADYS [*hammer in hand*]: Why, of course I can drive a nail! No, I'm going to do it, now, just to show you— [*She pounds her finger and drops the hammer with a wail of pain.*] Oh, Joe!

JOE [*running to her*]: What's the matter, dearie? Did you hurt it much? Let me see. [*After a perfunctory glance at the injured finger, Ted hastens to Dolly.*]

TED [*impulsively*]: Dolly, do you mean that I may give Blitzen to you? [*Dolly turns away from him, tremulously smiling.*] Do you, Dolly?

DOLLY [*faltering*]: Would you give him to me, Ted?

TED [*very tenderly*]: You know I would! Will you take him, dear?

DOLLY [*between laughter and tears*]: Why, you dear old dunce, that was what I wanted you to do all the time! [*Ted seizes her hands and, after one glance toward Joe and Gladys, kisses them rapturously. Joe, looking up just in time to see it, attracts Gladys's attention, and they stand, hand in hand, nodding and smiling at the younger couple.*

[*CURTAIN*]

A CELESTIAL GARMENT

BY

MARY TALBOT CAMPBELL

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LOUIS HINTON

THE tiny bird-cage of a house was ablaze with sunshine and thrilled with an unusual joy. Father, mother and little Mary stood about the dining-room table, admiring the rich folds of a beautiful piece of black silk, which still lay half concealed by its tissue paper wrappings. Jean Taylor held one end over her arm and softly plaited, turned or rustled the shimmering blackness, her own dark head turned from side to side, in a pretty bird-like inspection. The sweet, thin face was flushed and the brown eyes bright with excitement.

Her husband's glance caressed her as he watched in silence, and if his heart tightened at the thought that *he* had never been able to gratify her feminine craving for a "silk gown," the fine serenity of his face did not show it.

"Oh, Davie lad! I am almost a giddy girl again with my 'furbelows and fixin's.' I long to get my arms about Aunt Mary and make her *feel* my delight!"

"A sight of you would richly repay her, wife! Why if it weren't for Mary here, I'd think Jeanie Campbell looking at me from your starry eyes and blooming in your rosy cheeks!"

The mother hand went out to the child's sunny head, but her eyes still dwelt on her husband.

"Will Mrs. Terry make it right away quick, mamma?"

David's dark brows drew swiftly together, and his eyes fell to the billowy silk, which, slipping from Jean's arm, caught the lights and shadows with its soft undulations. Noting his darkened face, Jean smiled with forced sprightliness and answered:

"Oh! no, Mary! It's fine enough just to have it in the house. The making can wait a bit, for I'm not needing it."

"But, mamma, you didn't go to Mrs. Thompson's party because——"

"Run and put a stick in the kitchen stove, child, for we must eat, for all I'm so fine."

As Mary left the room, David's hand closed tightly over Jean's, and so they stood

"'I WAS JUST POSSUMING! OH, MAMMA! WILL IT BE PINK OR BLUE?'"

a long moment, speaking no word, the blue eyes and the brown gazing into the shadowy silken depths. The rattling of the stove broke the silence. Laughing a little brokenly, Jean said, looking up:

"Just the silk will be a wonder, David, for a long spell; and when decked out in it, I'll have the sense of being well dressed, which gives a peace of mind religion can never afford, as the Frenchwoman said."

"You've never had any too much peace of that sort, wife."

"Now, laddie, that was a joke! I'll begin to think you a Scot more than by marriage if it's going to take a surgical operation to make you see the point!"

Smiling drolly, he said: "It's not so very funny, lassie, when a man cannot give his own wife the making of a gown! But we Scotch do say, you know, that there's a cure for all things but stark dead!"

She laughed blithely, as he swiftly drew her into the circle of his arm, but at the sound of the child's coming, shyly broke away, the mistiness of feeling in the brown eyes dried up by the bright fire of fun.

As Jean carefully refolded her precious present, David gathered Mary into his arms and laughingly asked her: "Do you think mamma will be too proud to walk to church with us, when dressed in her finery?"

Two serious blue eyes looked up into his gay ones, and, pushing back the curling

tendrils of sunny hair, Mary leaned against his clasped hands, and so from her circle of love, gravely answered: "My mamma ain't like that! Don't you know, papa, that she would love us even without any clothes? If you had searched the whole, wide world over, you couldn't have suited me better in a mamma!"

She was swallowed up in a great "papa hug," as over the tousled golden head the parents talked with dancing eyes of sweet understanding.

"The child is as Scotch as her father with a joke, Jean!"

"You both are a bit slow, but 'a' there,' if given time enough!"

With a mischievous flash of the eye, she left them with this parting shot, carrying the carefully wrapped silk across her two outstretched arms, after the manner adopted by some men with very small babies.

As she placed it in the lower drawer of the dresser, her thoughts flew in tender thankfulness to the sender as she murmured: "There are few so fair and none so good as Aunt Mary."

With a final smoothing out of the white tissue paper, Jean closed the drawer, rising with a sigh of content, to return to the life of patient scheming to make both ends meet. In the background of her mind lay the comforting certainty of a silk dress in a future as near as David could compass it. His tender glance had told her that the money for trimmings and making should be raised as soon as possible.

Through the days to come of many a weary week, Jean made frequent trips to the dresser, especially in moments of weariness or discouragement, and the touch of her silken treasure was ever a potent trifle which lifted the clouds of depression, or removed the sting from the pin-pricks of her daily life.

Coming home unusually early one afternoon, David slipped up-stairs in an effort to surprise her, and, peeping into the room, he saw Jean on her knees before the open drawer, the silk uncovered before her, one long, slim white hand gently stroking its soft smoothness. The thinness of the hand and the patient whiteness of her face caught at his throat, and, choking, he turned and slipped away more softly than he had come, creeping out at the front door like a thief.

On toward the fragrant pines, through the dying day, David Taylor walked, his heart crying out against his blighting poverty, his brain a-whirl with schemes to lift Jean out of the bitter narrowness of her life; and, first of all, to get that silk made up!

As twilight fell, imagination painted on the curtain of the night two pictures: one, Jeanie Campbell, sunny, rosy, dimpled and gay, crowned by her auburn hair; the other, Jean Taylor, patient and sweet, the dimples and curves faded into a frail but gracious delicacy, from which two great dark eyes gazed fondly at him, filled with their deathless love, but burning with the unappeased hunger of an aspiring spirit.

He cursed the ethics of his profession, which forbade a vigorous assault and demand for law business upon the world which owed him a living! The weary wait for clients who seldom came, was maddening, as he watched the lamp of his wife's pure spirit shine ever more clearly through her wasting body!

Through the gathering gloom the mystery and strength of the rock-ribbed mountains about the little camp seemed to lift his soul to the heights, and, as the star beacon of Hope lit its taper above *Massive's* looming power, a soothing consolation fell upon him from he knew not where.

As his key rattled in the lock he heard a gay rushing of feet, as mother and child raced laughing to meet him. Of course Mary won and was enthroned on papa's shoulder, from which she reached down a chubby hand to mamma, as comfort for her defeat.

"And how goes the world to-day, lad?" Jean smiled brightly up at him, while he, contrasting this with her aspect when she thought herself unseen, pondered it in his heart and cherished her the more.

"A glimmer of light, Jean, so do not fret! You know what Riley wrote in your friend's book:

'For we know not every morrow can be sad,
So forgetting all the sorrow we have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad!'

"Just be glad!" repeated Mary, nodding her head to the words. 'And, oh, papa! I'm vited to a party — and mamma says I can go if you will get me a new dress — a truly party dress!"

The child hugged his head, showering kisses upon it, and would have fallen from her high perch but for his tightening arm.

"Oh! please, papa, dear precious papa! I won't never ask you for another single thing long as I live!"

Tossing her gayly to the floor, he answered: "We'll see, little one! I'll talk it over with mamma."

Fondling his hand, Mary danced along secure in what mamma would say.

When the child had been put to bed, the question of the party came up, and David said, as gently as might be, that a new dress was quite impossible, and she must go in something she had.

"But David, she *has* nothing; and the 'bairn' has set her heart on it! We should have told her at once if she couldn't go, for she counts on the pleasure now."

David knew that when Jean called the child "bairn," her heart was unusually tender, and it made his task the harder.

"But, wife, I never dreamed you could not rig her up in something, and I didn't want to send her to bed in tears over the new dress!"

"You know, Davie, I could make a child's dress, and it would just be the goods and some ribbons!"

She laid a shy hand on his arm, which he made captive at once, gazing deep into the pure depths of her dark eyes as he did so.

"My poor Jean, I hate to refuse you in your tenderest point, the child, but it is utterly impossible! Don't fret, lassie, for things will better soon, and you may get a new ribbon for her hair."

"'PLEASE—DON'T—PAPA—IT—MAKES ME C—C—RY'"

"Men can't understand, David! She's past freshening or patching up, and must simply stay away if she cannot have the dress. Oh! I cannot tell her!"

"There! I'll tell her, Jean, and we'll plan some diversion for the day of the party."

Jean rose trying to smile, and, laying her hand lightly on his head a moment, in token that she was sad only, said: "I'm a bit tired to-night from the ironing, so, if you don't mind, laddie, I'll take my rest."

Rising for his good-night kiss, he folded her close with tender strength, saying: "Good-night, Jean; and may the bright morning of a happier day dawn for us soon."

As her slow tread went wearily up the stairs, he thought how completely her mental attitude changed her every action. The springing lightness of her glad race to the door had utterly departed.

Saddened by the little domestic tragedy, he sat with elbow on his knee, his head supported by one hand, the other hanging with dejected limpness, as unseeingly he traced the flowery pattern of the carpet.

Stealing into the little one's room, Jean bent over Mary a moment, her eyes wet with tears. The light from the hall half illumined the room, and, falling diagonally across the bed, made vivid one little dimpled hand, leaving head and shoulders in the shadow.

Suddenly Jean was pinioned by two hot, trembling arms, and the laughing baby voice cried: "I was just possuming! Oh, mamma! Will it be pink or blue?"

Quivering with excitement, she clutched her mother convulsively and Jean, gathering her yearningly to her aching heart, answered: "My precious, precious lamb, if you do not sleep, it'll be neither the one nor the other! Hush now! The time to talk of dress is not when starry eyes should be a-twinkling in dreamland's sky!"

"But mother—!" (coaxingly).

"No! Not another word, Mary!" The serious tone was enough to make the child retreat beneath the covers. Raining kisses upon the hot little face, Jean knelt by the bed, encircling Mary with one arm.

"Dearie, cuddle down! Mother'll stay for a little, if you do not talk."

The warm, moist fingers closed on Jean's hand and silence fell between them The semi-darkness seemed peopled to the mother with creatures of her imagination, and among them moved David, Mary, and herself, with gold in plenty, doing the dear, delightful things forever denied them in their restricted way of living.

With brain whirling, heart throbbing, and knees aching from the hardness of the floor, Jean at last felt the little hand unclasp in sleep and the regular breath fanning her cheek. Straightening painfully she tiptoed from the room, her heart groping blindly for a means to avert this childish sorrow, or rob it of its sting.

On the morrow David took his little daughter into her own room, and, closing the door, seated himself on the bed, with the child standing big-eyed between his knees. Very, very tenderly, he told her that the new dress could not be; the party must be given up!—Papa didn't have the money and mamma must not be troubled.

"Why, pet, that wonderful dress would have to come straight from Heaven! So be your mother's brave little girl and give it up!"

As her fairy visions of delight vanished at his words, the blue eyes slowly filled, but her mother's Scotch soul looked steadily at him through the rising tide, and, taking the rosy under-lip between her little white teeth, she fought for the victory.

"Yes—papa!"

Deeply stirred, David sought to pet and comfort her, but this was more than she could bear.

"Please—don't—papa—it—makes me c—c—ry!"

"Hush, sweet, or mamma will hear, and she is so sad now! Remember, we are to have a picnic the day of the party!"

Smiling down at the tear-wet face working for self-control, he nodded gayly, and telling her to come down as soon as she had bathed her eyes, left the child alone, the door ajar behind him.

Through Mary's brain throbbed the words "Straight from Heaven!"—"Straight from Heaven!"—and they seemed to keep tune to the beating of her hot little heart.

When Jean heard that Mary had been told, she dropped the duster and flew to her child. Listening for her sobs, she held her breath while looking through the half-closed door With small hands folded, Mary knelt by her bed and Jean heard the childish treble say: "Dear God! *Pretty* God! Please send Mary a new dress! And don't worry mamma, 'cause papa says she has enough. Just send it straight from Heaven, for Jewis' sake Amen"

As the childish name of "Jewis" passed Mary's lips, Jean sped down the stairs, her heart half-choking her, the tears of tenderness and pride overflowing.

When later the child had gone to school and David to his office, Jean hurried straight to her dresser and then paused, looking at

"'JUST SEND IT STRAIGHT FROM HEAVEN, FOR JEW IS' SAKE. AMEN'"

her reflection with its pale look of determination.

"David won't like it! Aunt Mary will never forgive me; but neither of them is a mother!"

She stooped, jerking out the drawer as if in haste to have it done. The wrappings were torn away from the folded silk in a most matter-of-fact manner, with no lingering looks or stroking touches. Hurrying down to the dining-room table, she spread it out energetically, and soon had a pattern pinned down. Scissors in hand she stood, her under lip caught between her teeth, as Mary's had been, and two silk-clad figures moved before her mental vision: one, a slim, pale woman in trailing folds, the other, a gay, rosy, dancing child; and from the little one pink ribbons floated, as the sprite flitted here and there.

Snip! The scissors were eating their way through Aunt Mary's gift, and, at the sound, the pale dream woman smiled, oh! so sweetly, and, smiling, vanished from Jean's troubled vision — and only the child danced on, as she worked.

The under lip released, took on its tender, patient curve, and little by little a smiling peace descended upon the mother-face, as she softly hummed, beguiled by the witching delight of the joyous child.

At noon no trace of her sewing could be seen, but she told David that she thought perhaps she could make Mary presentable after all, if he would give her what he could spare for ribbons. Well pleased, he

gave her every cent possible, and together they walked as far as the store to make the purchase.

Jean nodded blithely at parting, and he wondered what a real prosperity could do for so gracious a nature, and once again *willed* and fought mentally for success.

The morning of the party had come, and Jean, alone in the house, held high carnival, planning for the child's gala afternoon. A marvelous creation of pink and black lay on a chair in Mary's room. Seizing the empty sleeves, Jean whirled lightly about as if dancing with the child, flirting and spreading the pretty fullness of the little skirt.

Out of breath at last, she sank panting in the chair, the dress on her knees. The only flaw in her happiness was that David could not share it, for she had not yet the courage to tell what she had done. Mary must not see the dress till her father had gone to the office. Rising, she laid it away in the child's dresser, lingeringly closing the drawer.

Then lunch was gotten, all with a subdued excitement which seemed to electrify her every motion.

"Did anything come for me, mamma?" asked Mary, rushing in from school, leaving the door open in her wake.

Jean understood, and thought of the dress "straight from Heaven," but answered: "No, dearie. What should have come?"

The child's face fell. "Oh! nothing, mamma; I thought maybe—" The sentence was never finished, and Jean kissed the little mouth till it smiled back at her.

As David told Mary good-by, he said: "Have a fine time, little lady, and tell papa all about it to-night! Before the next party comes, you shall have a 'truly' party dress!"

Mary showed no elation and Jean thought it the usual cheerful form of speech which he strove ever to use.

When they had waved him good-by, the mother closed the door, and, turning to

"'DID ANYTHING COME FOR ME, MAMMA?'"

"ONE THRILLING CRY OF RAPTURE MADE A HEAVEN OF JEAN'S HEART"

the child, bowed low while asking: "May I have the pleasure of the first dance, Miss Mary?"

Quickly the dimples came, and, whirling gayly across the room, the two danced up-stairs to dress for the party, Mary's unanswered prayer quite forgotten.

At last the child stood ready, all save the dress, immaculate in ruffled skirts, the baby beauty of neck and arms uncovered, the golden glory of her hair unbound, upon which a great pink butterfly bow had settled.

"Your dress is in the lower drawer, my bairn!" and Jean's voice shook. Mary

pulled at the handles, her stiff little skirts encircling her as she knelt. One thrilling cry of rapture made a Heaven of Jean's heart.

"Oh, mamma! — He did! — *He did!*"

The dress was hugged close to the glad little heart as the child danced wildly about the room — and at last into the mother-arms.

"I asked God to send it straight, mamma, and 'splained to Him that you mustn't worry. He did, didn't He, mamma?"

"Very like, my Mary! And mother wishes her fairy to carry ever the wand of love, tipped with the star of gentleness. Will you, dearie?"

"I'll try, mother!" and, reaching up her silken arms, she made her sweet farewell.

Jean watched the child almost out of sight, a great pride looking from her weary eyes. Entering the house at last, she threw herself on the couch with a sigh and, worn out, soon fell fast asleep.

"'MAMMA, DO I LOOK ANYTHING LIKE A FAIRY?'"

"Yes, little one, straight through your mother's heart. God gives us all things, dearie; but He does it through loving hearts here on earth. But come, it's nearly time to go."

Over the radiant, laughing face, the soft silk rustled and the child gazed enraptured at her splendor. When the final touch was given, the little black-clad figure with its gay pink dashes and golden hair, turned lightly on its tiny toes, and, with arms outstretched, asked sweetly: "Mamma, do I look anything like a fairy?"

David returning unexpectedly home, met Mary and paused in wonderment.

"Why, little one, where did you get that dress?"

He heard her explanation: "Straight from Heaven, through mamma's heart."

Softly patting her rosy cheek, he rushed on, fighting the tide of feeling which surged through him. Too well he knew whence came the new dress and no one could better appreciate what this sacrifice had meant to Jean, with her life-long yearning for a "silk gown."

Turning the key gently, he entered and saw his sleeping wife. Closing the door with infinite caution, he watched her tenderly. The sweet, brave spirit was off-guard, and the tired lines and heavy shadows startled even her husband.

Carefully he walked up-stairs and Jean dreamed not that other hands were investigating the precious remnant of the mutilated silk.

Stealthily returning, he seated himself where her waking eyes must fall upon him, and waited. Jeanie Campbell had never been so loved as was the worn Jean Taylor, and at last the tender intensity of his glance lifted the dark-lashed lids, and brown eyes drank deep of the blue.

On his knees at her side, he held her close, whispering: "Jean, lassie! It's good good news at last!"

"Davie!" she questioned thrillingly, shaking beneath his clasp.

His husky voice answered: "I've been appointed attorney for the Golden Fleece Mining Company, with a fine salary, and the privilege of making all I can on the side. It means that you shall have a hired girl and"—lifting his head he held her glance—"that the new silk can be made up!"

Joy and a flaming blush chased one another across her face, and then Jean, the self-contained, the brave, burst into a passion of gladsome weeping, strained close to her husband's heart, who did not try to check her. When the blessed storm had passed, he rose, and, lifting her light weight bodily, he set her down before him, as he might have done with Mary.

"Now, Mrs. David Taylor, you will go immediately to your dresser and bring me the silk which you will find in the lower drawer!"

Her face flushed painfully and she would have turned away, but he held her by either shoulder.

"What's the matter, Jean? Don't you want it made up?"

"No, not now!" she answered pitifully. "I'm very blessed without the gown."

He longed to kiss her, but sternly persisted: "I insist on your bringing me the silk, Jean!"

Almost irritably she turned away, but he saw her chin quiver as she went slowly up the stairs. Sneakingly he followed, unseen, and was in time to watch her bend wearily as she pulled out the drawer. He saw the gleam of a white envelope lying on the black silk and knew her eyes were reading these words: "A silken gown for my bonny Jean, from her own Davie."

Straightening as by an electric shock, she drew forth the five twenty-dollar bills, her glowing face reflected in the mirror.

With sobs and laughter, she called aloud: "Davie!—Davie! I'm wild with the joy!"—and, still shouting, under the belief that he was down-stairs, she turned and ran with tear-dimmed eyes blindly into his outstretched arms.

A rare moment it was for David Taylor, and he feasted to his heart's content on her love and sweet delight!

"You're too good, laddie, and I fear I'm not worthy of——"

"I will thank you to speak more respectfully of my wife, madam! And kindly remember that I wish her dress cut by a *larger* pattern next time!"

Like merry children, hand in hand, they ran down the stairs to await the coming of the "bairn."

THE LONE FIGHTER

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

AUTHOR OF "THE TRUST'S NEW TOOL: THE LABOR BOSS"

IF the articles on politics and trusts and labor unions, which have been appearing recently in this Magazine, mean anything at all, they mean this: That, brag as we will, we Americans are *not* a free people, and this is *not* a free country.

Whatever may have been the dream of 1776, no thoughtful American will venture to assert that we have, to-day, a government by the people. This has become a government of the Bosses, by the Bosses, and distinctly for the Bosses. And not only in politics — our gall sores there have even begun to callous — but in other departments of our life. For the Boss is not peculiar to politics; he is the very disease of democracy. In theory there are few more magnificently democratic institutions than the trades-union; but in fact how often degraded by the Labor Boss! Croker never ruled his party with a stronger hand than Sam Parks ruled the Housesmiths' Union and paralyzed the building industries of New York City. Why not? The trades-union is a body composed of American citizens having the power to vote; it has, therefore, exactly the weakness of the political party. In business half a dozen Financial Bosses, led by John D. Rockefeller, control most of the important industries of this country. A trust, too, is a body composed of American citizens with the power to vote: it is a business democracy. And we find these five or six men, a sort of "extra-constitutional cabinet," directing in no small degree the policies of this government; they control the country's money; they cause or stop panics; they "settle" great strikes.

No, we are not even ruled by aristocrats, who have at least some hereditary claim to the exercise of authority and whom we could fawn upon, if we desired to fawn, with some historical warrant. In short, we are ruled by usurping middlemen; the Boss is a middleman, a sort of broker in government to whom we assign our obvious and personal rights and duties, (allowing him to take his own percentages) because we are too busy making money or spending it, to care whether we are free or not. Nothing short of absolute monarchy is comparable in its usurpations and tyranny to the rule of the Crokers and the Addickses, the Sam Parkses and the Dick Carvills, the Rockefellers and the Morgans. They are all of the same stripe — all Bosses!

What are the conclusions to be drawn from these conditions?

We hear it said: "Republican institutions are a failure; the English and the Germans are much better governed than we are here in America. They are freer to-day than we are."

But freedom is only incidentally a condition of government or laws; a free government is not the result of constitutions or declarations or of rights assured, or of wrongs forbidden. Freedom is an expression of character, a condition of morality. No government is ever despotic or free save as the people make it despotic or free.

No, this is not a free country, because we, the people, are not intelligent and honest and brave enough to use freedom. What we do have in this country to a degree unequaled elsewhere in the world is the *opportunity of freedom*. That is the triumph of the American democracy; it insures the people freedom if they wish to take it; but it cannot force freedom upon any man who does not want it, or who is too lazy or too selfish or too ignorant to take it. Half of our reformers are to-day engaged in the utterly stupid task of trying to make people free by new laws. It is like trying to legislate a man happy.

The Russian has a despot that he cannot depose without bloodshed; the American has a despot — the Boss — that he can get rid of if only he will use the simple means placed at his hand by our excellent system of laws. We are strong in democratic ideals but mighty weak in practice.

In short, the advantages of a free country are conditional upon the assumption of the responsibilities of a free country.

It comes back, after all, to you and to me, personally, individually. If *you* want to be rid of the Boss in your city, *you* have got to go to the primaries and the election booth and protest and vote and protest again. If *you*, as a working-man, want honest and efficient unionism, *you* have got to go to the union meetings and make things right, and if *you*, as a stockholder, want to see common business honesty in *your* trusts and in *your* corporations, *you* have got to look after the thing yourself. No one says it is easy: good things never do come easily.

It is safe to say that a majority of the people in this country would prefer an honest free government to boss-rule, but most of us are drifters — honest enough, but pulpy; we have no courage to stand up and *say* what we believe, or to back it up afterwards, if necessary, with hard knocks. We don't like to get our hands soiled, or to have our ease disturbed.

"What can I do against all this corruption? I don't like it; but the bosses have got everything their own way; I should only be turned down and kicked out."

These are the words of a member of the Housesmiths' Union in New York, bewailing the rule of Boss Sam Parks and the ruin which inevitably followed. Thousands of Americans are saying exactly the same thing regarding our corrupt politics, our greedy millionaires. "Why," exclaims our good citizen, "I wouldn't be seen associating with such political plug-uglies and heelers." And that is just why, good citizen, you suffer, why you are not free — but you shouldn't whine if the medicine is bitter!

Fortunately, however, we have in this republic a leaven of fighters. Almost everything worth doing in this world has been done by the man who believed something strongly enough to fight for it alone.

We have citizens — and not men, either, who are paid for doing it, but honest obscure Hampdens who, making no pretensions as reformers, are stirred by a sort of righteous anger at the rule of the Boss, and who get up and fight.

"By God," I heard one such fighter say — a union man — "I won't be bossed by Sam Parks."

He didn't reason, he had no highfiluting ideas of reform, and he wasn't secretly calculating on success or failure; he was white-hot at being wronged and he was willing to fight; and he did fight. It is to be noted, too, that he didn't say: "Isn't it too bad now, about this Parks business; we must really do something." He said "*I* won't be bossed." No man who says "we" ever does anything.

In a former article I mentioned Robert Neidig, of the Housesmiths' Union of New York, leader of the minority against Sam Parks, the corrupt Labor Boss. Neidig is of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, bred in the country, with the hard qualities which belong to that race, which thrive best in the open country air. Beginning as a private in the ranks, he got it into his head that he couldn't expect the union to do everything for him when he did nothing for the union: a simple civic idea, but the very foundation of success in a republic.

"I have got to be a union man," he says. "Should I let the union run itself and not attend meetings because I do not like its methods, or should I turn in and help change the methods?"

Quietly, doggedly, this Dutch American fought for what he thought was right. He had a family to support, he had to work hard every day — and the steel builder's employment leaves a man tired at night — but no meeting found him absent. Elected president of the union, he began a systematic fight on the Boss. Hampered on every side, he received not one penny of salary, while the Boss was driving about in his cab and "treating" his heelers with the money of the union. At times when Parks was employing every resource of union politics and corruption, Neidig was compelled to use odd minutes at night and to pay his own expenses in prosecuting the struggle, expenses not small for a working-man. Threatened with personal violence, with loss of his job, and even with expulsion from the union, jeered at because he went to church, this man Neidig never once lost his patience, never stopped fighting, doing

his best to curb the progress of sure ruin which Parks was bringing upon the union. And he had faithful supporters, too, for there are always honest followers where there is an honest leader. When the union struck, though Neidig opposed Parks' high-handed actions, he did not desert, nor threaten to desert; he stayed with the union and fought and fought. When District Attorney Jerome wanted information to help convict Parks, Neidig gave it, though he knew it would make him unpopular, endanger his own life. At the Labor Day parade he refused to march behind Parks, who had just then been temporarily released from State's Prison and who was being "vindicated" by his union. To unionism, refusal to parade is a deadly offense.

"I won't march behind that jailbird," said Neidig. "I am prepared to take the consequences."

Again he was threatened. Boss Parks set his "entertainment committee" — the committee that slugs and gouges eyes — to dogging him. Neidig got a license to carry a revolver; he wore it under the tail of his black coat when he sang in the church choir on Sunday.

"If an attack is made on me," he said, "one man may die before it is settled; I am not going to stand any monkey business from Parks' 'entertainment committee.'"

Many another honest and timid housesmith had been slugged, "beaten up" by Parks' committee; a really brave man like Neidig is protected by his own bravery.

And not once in all the course of the struggle did he get one single reward for himself, not once did he succeed in overthrowing Parks; on the other hand he was abused, threatened, jeered at. But he kept alive the spark of honesty and faith in that union; he limited, at least, the excesses of the Boss, and — though it really doesn't matter — there is now an excellent prospect, Parks being overthrown, that he will win out and reorganize the union on a sound and honest basis.

"If our failures," says Thoreau, "are made tragic by courage, they are not different from success."

It has rather an odd sound, "a hero in politics," but I want to tell of just such a hero. His name was John D. Huffman, and he lived at Bluffs, Scott County, Illinois. A few years ago his neighbors, who knew him well, elected him to the State Legislature, at that time, perhaps, one of the most corrupt legislative bodies in the world. He had a seat on the Democratic side of the house; he seemed out of place there; he was not well dressed; his hands were hard and rough with work; he couldn't make a speech to save his life. Indeed, he was only a farm laborer earning $25 a month. But he sat there, day in and day out, listening intently, making up his mind as to the simple rights and wrongs of the question, and then voting right. Sometimes his "No" — his voice was always loud enough when he voted — was the only negative on his side of the house. Once — by the word of the "leader" who offered the money — he could have had $10,000 for his vote. But he shook his head, and when the bill came up he voted an honest vote. In a sense he was an outcast; he could not herd with the "good fellows" who were banded together for plunder; he took no part in the horse-play of those around him; some even accused him of stupidity, but no one ever said that he was dishonest. Before the session was over, old John Huffman, of Bluffs, stupid, perhaps, uncouth, unlearned, came to be a marked man, a monument of decency and dignity of character, winning the respect of the corrupt men around him, even coming to prominence in the Chicago newspaper despatches for the very miracle of his honesty. And when the session was over he went back to work again on the farm, having done his duty.

One Chicago newspaper said of him: "He saw Senators and representatives voting for boodle measures. He saw men of wealth and social position accepting bribes. He saw the Governor of the State — but that is another story. But John Huffman, of Bluffs, in Scott County, could not be coaxed by fair words or persuaded by foul money to violate his duty to the people. He voted on all measures and he voted right. When the noisy crew of thieves, flown with insolence and wine, left Springfield to spend in barroom or brothel the wages of their infamy, John Huffman, of Bluffs — God bless him! — returned to Scott County to earn his daily bread by the valor of his hands."

And if it were not for hundreds of these quiet workers to-day in our American life we might just as well go out of business as

a republic. It is a dead man who does not thrill when he reads of the citizens of Chicago and New York and other cities who, setting aside their business interests, having no hope of reward, subject to misunderstanding and abuse and foul questioning of their motives, have yet gone on doggedly fighting political corruption, because something inside of them was honest and angry.

One such man, no matter how obscure, quiet, simple, can get results amazing in their importance; one such man is worth about four thousand so-called respectable citizens who stay at home and talk about the shame of boss-rule. Several correspondents, commenting on the article in this Magazine describing the capital-labor conspiracies in Chicago, point to socialism as the only way out. In fact, many people in this country to-day are gropingly reaching toward socialism, often without knowing what socialism really is. But socialism is the extremest form of democracy. If our people are not able to use and enjoy the mild republicanism which we already have and keep it out of the hands of Bosses, how can we expect them to use, successfully, any more pronounced form of democracy? Socialism, if it should come, must be accompanied by a sterner sort of moral individualism than is commonly exhibited in this country to-day. If this republic is saved it must be saved by *individual effort*.

ON THE HEART AND THE EVIDENCE

BY

RALPH TENNAL

A POLICE judge, as a general rule, does not like family jars in his court. The evidence is rarely an index to the merits of the case; either the husband or wife, or both of them, misrepresent the facts or leave the real trouble untold. And, the blame located, there is little to be done in the interests of the commonwealth. The trouble belongs to the home, and, if curable, can be removed by home remedies only; the police court is not a specific for it.

In most cases the husband is the one arrested. He is charged with abuse in one way or another of his wife or family. But usually a woman, after causing her husband's arrest, relents and refuses to appear against him, knowing well enough, however, that it was not the first offence and that it will not be the last.

There are so many features of family rows in the police court that never come out in the evidence, that when a judge records a decision he feels like adding that, whereas most cases have two sides, family cases have four — two outsides and two insides. A judge can pass on the outsides, but he does not like to do it, knowing there are insides. All this in general, and just to sort of have something to say, as some people must, whether it is relevant or not. There are family jars and family jars, and some that get into the police courts are as plain to a magistrate like old Judge Benning as the nose on a man's face.

But Judge Benning does not like to hear a home life aired in court any better than other police judges, and his face darkened a little one morning, when he pounded his wooden leg across the court room to his desk, seeing he had drawn one. He had been through the Battle of Shiloh and the battle of life, and both had left scars, though the loss of his leg in the former may not have made as ugly seams as his wounds in the latter.

Before him, in the prisoner's seat, and waiting for court to begin, was a woman, holding a baby in her arms and nursing it to keep it quiet. Another child, not too

large itself to be out of her arms, was playing inside the pen which divided her from the audience and designated her as a prisoner. She was clothed most shabbily, and the children were, too, and all looked thin and puny from want of nourishment.

The prisoner did not appear to be a woman of average mind, even for the ignorant class to which she belonged; her movements were so slow, and her eyes so dull, and her face so expressionless. Her husband, a weak-looking fellow as to character, but big and powerful as to frame, sat back of her, and outside the railing; and beside him was a sharp-nosed and sharp-eyed woman, whose name happened to be appropriately that of Sharp.

The case was called: Emma Anderson was accused of disturbing the peace of one Nora Sharp, contrary to the laws in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the city; and that the said Emma Anderson, then and there being, did then and there take, steal and carry away from the premises of the said Nora Sharp one brass key of the value of twenty-five cents, a better description of which affiant is unable to give; also contrary to the law in such cases made and provided, and also against the peace and dignity of the city.

How did Emma Anderson plead to these grim arraignments of her hostility to society and the majesty of the law? Plainly she did not understand, and could not say. Her knowledge of the world and its usages circled around a weather-beaten shell of three rooms, and extended little beyond it. Poor Emma! There are persons more learned than she that have failed to interpret a legal document.

The prosecuting attorney, who is very young, and very zealous to uphold his record for convictions, speaks. Let the prisoner take notice that, as she refuses to say whether or not she is guilty, a plea of not guilty must be entered for her; but she will find out before the trial is over whether she is guilty or not.

Has she an attorney to represent her? (This last from the judge.) No. All right; proceed with the case without an attorney for the defense.

Mrs. Sharp, the complaining witness, explains that the prisoner's husband has left his wife owing to her meanness and nagging ways, and that he is boarding with her (the complaining witness) in the same neighborhood; that the prisoner walked into the home of the witness unbidden and without knocking, and began begging her husband in a ridiculous way to return to her, that they might live together happily as they did before he knew the complaining witness, which the complaining witness mentions to show the offensive insinuation to which she was subjected in her own home; that the complaining witness found it necessary to put the prisoner out of the house; that, as the unwelcome visitor was being pushed out, at the door she secured the door key and talked in a loud and boisterous manner outside, saying that if necessary she would use the key in getting into the house at a future time to see her husband.

Was that all?

Yes, except that the prisoner was beneath her husband, and such a vicious person that the neighbors would have nothing to do with her.

Did she have the neighbors present to testify to that?

No.

Joseph Anderson, husband of the prisoner, was called in the interests of the prosecution; whereupon he took a big quid of tobacco out of his mouth, and held it in his hand.

Well, m—a—what might be wanted of him in the m—a—case?

All he knows about it.

All m—a—right; yaas, sir. Jes' z—a—you say; yaas, sir. He does not think of anything that he can add to what Mrs. Sharp has said, however.

Has he contributed anything to the support of his wife? (This from the judge.)

Before he can answer Mrs. Sharp is up, and snaps out that she has had more than she deserves.

Yaas, sir, m—a, Anderson is able to say that he has given his wife several dollars during the three months they have been separated. Mrs. Sharp—m—a could probably tell the amount. Yaas, sir, m—a, that is, he thought she could, if she looked favorably on it. Yaas, sir.

This was the prosecution's case.

The judge looked down at the prisoner. Did Mrs. Anderson want to testify in her own behalf?

No, she did not know "as" she did. She did not think of anything to say. She

was outside the narrow circumference in which her brain knew how to work. Her tongue failing her, she shifted the baby to a more restful position on her lap with a dexterity that could not leave any doubt about her knowing how to handle that proposition.

"Why did you enter this woman's house when you knew you were not wanted?" ventured the judge.

"I don't know," she answered, nursing her baby again in an effort to stop its cries — probably a fruitless one so far as giving it nourishment was concerned — "only I was so hungry, and the chil'n was a lookin' so sick, an' ailin' like, I thought I would see Joe, an' get down on my knees an' beg him to come home back to me an' the chil'n. I never meant no harm to Mrs. Sharp; only I wanted my husband to come home."

The simple mind had no more design nor malice in it than a child's; it was the instinct of love for her mate, and her home, and her offspring that should be interpreted in her words. Did the judge see it?

"The question," said the prosecuting attorney, "is not what you wanted to do with your husband: did you disturb the peace, and did you steal a door key?" The attorney figuratively bristled up, and began to shake his finger at the prisoner.

"Never mind that; the court has heard enough evidence," said Judge Benning. He picked up his pen, and wrote something in his docket. Then he threw his pen down, and, resting his elbow on the desk and his head on his hand, looked out through the window at the busy street. He seemed to collect most of his decisions there. Without moving, or taking his eyes from the street, he began, saying the affair being one in which domestic infelicity was involved, was most unusual, in that the evidence was not contradictory in any detail. He believed he understood the case as well as any he ever remembered having listened to. He quickly turned, and looked straight at the complaining witness.

"Now, then" — this was the way he always introduced a conclusion — "I desire to say to you, Mrs. Sharp, that it will be wisdom on your part never to appear in this court as a prisoner. I understand you, and I know your character. I only regret that you are not on trial before me now; I would teach you a lesson it would take you years to forget. The advantage you have taken of these honest people stamps you as a criminal at heart, if not in the eyes of the law. Who knows what lies and artifices you have employed to separate this well-meaning couple? Keep still, now; I don't want any back-talk; I'm itching for a chance to fine you for contempt. Don't speak in the presence of the court again.

"As I was saying, who can tell what low methods you have stooped to in separating Anderson and his wife? This evil of interference in the affairs of man and wife is as old as the marriage relation, I might say in passing; and it should be added that no class of society is free from it.

"I want to tell you, Mrs. Sharp, that you are a designing woman who has interrupted a peaceful, though perhaps uneventful, domestic partnership, and that if there is a sacred thing in marriage you have abused it. Get out of the presence of the court as soon as you conveniently can, and never meddle in this or any other home again."

Mrs. Sharp flaunted out of the room with as much offensive demonstration as she dared.

"Now, listen to me, Anderson," continued the judge; "I want you to assist your family home, and, when you get it there, take care of it. Never let me hear of you getting into a scrape of this kind again. Don't be a fool. The prisoner is discharged."

For a few seconds the big fellow sat there, thinking. The toddler looked at him through the railing bars, and called to him in that sweet tone that only children's voices have; which he did not seem to notice, or did not care to. There was silence in the crowded court room: it was a crisis, and all saw it. Slowly Anderson got up, and, taking the toddler in his arms, turned to his wife.

"Em," he said, "let's go to the grocery an' get some things."

From a chance shot, in his long campaign through life, the old veteran must have carried a sensitive scar where this case touched him; he wiped his eyes and blew his nose mighty suspiciously over it.

THE CALL

BY

JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

DELAROCHE told me the thing himself immediately after it had happened; and no one has been able to get a word of it from him since. At the time he was much overwrought; in fact, to an Anglo-Saxon, was somewhat of a sight (he has French blood in him, and it's apt to crop out when he least expects it); but if ever I saw Truth manifested, it was in that choking, panting, sobbing utterance of the man.

Delaroche was one of the thousand pedagogues which the American government sent to flood these benighted isles with the lime-light of civilization. His post was Cabancalan. You don't know Cabancalan, do you? Southern part of Negros, twenty miles from the mouth of the Ilog. I rode through there once—God, a lonely, desolate place! A thousand tumble-down nipa-shacks, a crumbling church, musty mountains to the east, not a white man within thirty miles, and the natives themselves away below the average—on the edge of savagery.

Well, Delaroche stood it for six months, then went daffy and sent for the girl he loved in the States. And she came, the ten thousand miles, and he met her in Ilo-Ilo and they were married, and he took her across on a prao to her new home—God!

And then, one night, some two months after, she began to die. "She began to die." That's the way he told it to me.

As he came back from a ride to one of his barrio schools he found her weeping, with her face in her pillow. She gently refused to tell him the reason (poor little girl, he probably would not have understood!); but later she was saying small incoherent things, and then he knew she was in a fever. Then she began to groan gently with each expiring breath, and a great fear started to gnaw at his heart.

It was one of these nights when the heat weighs upon you like the tomb. The blinds were all raised, and strange, incongruous insects flopped in and buzzed about the lamp, while outside the beasts of humidity vibrated in endless shrill cry; and rhythming this clamor, to the man watching there came that low, gentle groaning. And he feared.

You don't understand. He told me, and I also, probably, did not understand. She was a gentle, soft creature, made all for love and sacrifice, and with something childish in her that drew the hearts of men in great tenderness. He was a somewhat gloomy fellow (he may prove a genius some day), with great asperities in his character and a flaming will. He craved for sacrifice, and she gave it all to him, and yet with her little baby ways created in him the illusion that *he* was the protector.

And now, as he sat beneath the oppression of the heated night, by her side, with that continuous, soft little plaint in his ears, he began to see, he began to see, —ah, many little things that he should have seen, that he had not seen, that,— yes,—that he had refused to see.

When he would return from his long barrio-rides, after leaving her all day face to face with the poignant loneliness of her life, he was wont to pick up a book and plunge into it for the evening. Several times he had seen tears come to her eyes as he did this, and then, with laughing, false, lying surprise, would ask her what was the matter, at which she smiled and shook her head gently.

There were many other things like that, but, he told me, this was the picture which tortured him in endless repetition that night. He saw himself returning from his barrio-ride; he picked up a book and read, and then tears started in her eyes. At intervals he raised the mosquito-bar and looked at her and spoke to her, a great tenderness in his throat; but she did not answer, merely lay with her head on her left arm, and softly with each breath came the little plaint, patient and submissive, and it tore his heart. Then he sat down again at his vigil with a great muffled fear a-pound in his breast, and then again he saw the picture:—He came back from his barrio-ride, picked up a book and read, and tears started in her eyes.

That's how he passed the night. At dawn a great longing to do something took hold of him, and, leaving her, he went out into the pueblo. There was not a physician within fifty miles; it was the rainy season and each mile was ten. He knew it, yet he searched madly for what he knew he could not find. Finally he returned and as he looked upon her she gripped his arm. "Don't, don't," she said, and he burst into tears. She had felt his absence.

Then people, the poor lowly folk of the village, began to troop in with many "pobrecitas" and pitying exclamations and rude, naïve gifts. Among them were two little girls who stood awed at the door. He remembered them. When his wife had first come and they strolled in the evening together, the little girls would follow them at a distance; then, encouraged by her gracious presence, they had come nearer and nearer night after night, till finally she had found what they longed for. They wanted to touch her hand. And after that the husband and the wife had had to steal out on their evening walks; for, if seen by the little girls, the lady had to give one hand to each, leaving the man to follow behind alone.

They were poor, dirty little things, but when they stood there, one with a soiled, over-ripe banana, the other with a tobacco leaf, that they had probably stolen at the market, he stooped down and kissed them on the forehead.

Then he padlocked the door to be alone and took his station by the side of the little cot; and the morning passed as the night had, and he felt himself slowly becoming mad. In the afternoon a thought made his heart thump.

At Sibalay, twenty miles below the mouth of the Ilog, there was then a post of native constabulary; and once every two months a launch from Ilo-Ilo came to stock

it with provisions. He had made a note of the dates the boat was to come. He looked among his papers and found it. It was due that very day. Since morning, while he sat stupid there, the boat had been discharging cargo ; that very evening it would leave for Ilo-Ilo, and in Ilo-Ilo there were Americans, doctors, hospitals, hope !

And there was still a chance. The boat, in its course back to Ilo-Ilo, must cross the mouth of the Ilog. There might be time to intercept it.

He ran out of the house and down to the river ; and the best he could find after an hour's search were two old bancas, moldy and full of water and each with an outrigger broken ; but he lashed them together with the remaining outriggers on the outside. Then he stormed at the Casa Popular till they gave him the town prisoners, a villainous six. He then had his wife carried on her cot to the boat, and they started down the river.

From the beginning everything went wrong. He had counted upon the swollen river-current ; he found that the sea tide was on the flood and backing it up. The impressed prisoners were sullen, and after he saw that promises of reward had no effect, he made them work with his revolver at their backs. The river wound interminably, and then another obstacle confronted them. The wind rose and every time the turn of the river made it head on they had to slow up, for the short, choppy waves dashed into the boats, threatening to swamp them. The men grew more defiant, and once he was obliged to fire over their heads to keep them at their paddles. Thus they went down the river, between the high palm-lined banks, the boats leaking, the tide purring against them, the men straining with Fear upon them, and he standing at the stern, tense as a maniac, feeling Hope slowly and inexorably slipping from him. And all the time, from the cot at the bottom of the boat, came the soft, continuous, patient little plaint.

When they reached the mouth of the river, the surf was booming on the bar and they could not cross. It was dark, and in the distance a red and a green light were passing slowly.

They paddled back five miles up the river to the pueblo of Ilog and camped in the deserted convent. Toward midnight, White, the constabulary officer, came along. He was on his way to Sibalay, but the mud had killed his horse and he had had to stop.

The two men had a long conference. Then White impressed two caribaos from the presidente and started off in a drizzling rain. There was an army wagon, with two American horses, at Sibalay, and he was going after them. With the wagon, Delaroche could perhaps make Pulupondan, sixty miles to the north, and catch the little steamer that plied between that town and Ilo-Ilo.

All night Delaroche sat by the bed of his wife, in the big, empty, ruined convent. The rain drummed fiercely upon the tin roof, giant rats scurried to and fro in the darkness, and the night long there came from the cot the desolate little plaint. Once, toward dawn, she started up suddenly and he caught her. "Laddie, laddie !" she cried, with a great joy in her voice, as she felt his presence. Then she fell back into the stupor.

At noon the wagon came, driven by an old army packer, a long lanky Westerner. The cot was placed upon it and fastened, and they started. It was in the midst of the rainy season ; the roads were bottomless, and progress was fearfully slow. Twice, before reaching Himamaylan, the wagon dropped into a hole and could not be budged. The men went out into the fields and captured caribaos, and after countless efforts unmired it. At Himamaylan, fifteen miles from the start, the horses were so plainly given out that they had to stop. They passed the night in the hut of the presidente. The driver cooked their own food and Delaroche filled the canteens with boiled water for the morrow, for they were on the edge of the cholera district. His wife was in the same condition.

They started early the next morning, but calamities began to overtake them. They were mired for an hour soon after the start. Then the tree carried away and they had to improvise a new one. Near Binalbagan the off-horse dropped, foundered. They stole caribaos from the fields and went on. Darkness overtook them at Jinagaran, and they had gone only ten miles.

All night long Delaroche listened to the gentle wail, and by morning it had grown very weak. And then, as the sun rose a few miles from Jinagaran, she died.

"She died." That's the way he told it to me.

And the wagon went on with the dead woman, and Delaroche kneeling with his head on her pillow, close to hers. And after a while he began calling her, first softly, with gentle insistence, "Girlie! Girlie!" Then louder and louder as she did not answer, in a long, agonized cry, "Girlie! Girlie!"

They were going through the cholera district now, and they passed deserted barrios with great, white crosses painted across the doors and windows of the emptied huts; and now and then thin, cadaverous, weird beings looked at them pass from caved-in eyes, looked at the laboring, sobbing caribaos; at the driver on the seat of the lurching wagon, urging with cry and gesture; at the cot, with its rigid form faintly outlined beneath the blankets, and the man kneeling by it; and, above the shouts of the driver, the panting of the animals, the creaking of the wagon, they heard that great ceaseless agonized cry:

"Girlie! Girlie!"

All day, and the next, and the next, they went on thus, a spectral sight. I've asked the driver about it later.

"Yes," he said. "I kept a-going because I knew that he just couldn't bury her there. And all that day and all night, and all the next day and the next night, and the next and the next he just called her and called her and called her. I don't want to go through another thing like that, I tell you. And she was dead, sir; she was dead, I tell you."

"But, of course, she wasn't," I said. "What makes you think she was; how do you know?"

For a long time he would not say. Finally he gave me his reason; I will not repeat it.

But Delaroche, when he told me, that one time his lips were unsealed in a burst of hysteria, said the same thing.

"She was dead, Romer," he said; "she was dead, I tell you. But I called her, called her. And I tell you I *called* her back to life. You see, it was impossible; I couldn't let her go like that. I called her back to life, *called* her back, I tell you!"

SONG

BY

A. E. HOUSMAN

FAR in a western brookland
That bred me long ago
The poplars stand and tremble
By pools I used to know.

There, in the windless night-time,
The wanderer, marvelling why,
Halts on the bridge to hearken
How soft the poplars sigh.

He hears: long since forgotten
In fields where I was known,
Here I lie down in London
And turn to rest alone.

There, by the starlit fences,
The wanderer halts and hears
My soul that lingers sighing
About the glimmering weirs.

—From "A Shropshire Lad"

THE DRESSING-ROOM RECEPTION

WHERE I FIRST MET ELLEN TERRY AND MRS. JOHN DREW

BY

CLARA MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "LIFE ON THE STAGE"

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER

THERE is the satisfaction of attainment in becoming a star; there is some small dignity in being the authoritative head of a company, and there is the comfort of earning more money for that future home, or for those depending on you, and you become anxious about many things. You are nervously desirous to do your very best every night. If you are neuralgic or if you have a sensitive or weak throat, you will be in dread of sleeping-car colds, resulting from the sudden change from the Hades-like heat of the sleeper to the icy atmosphere outside. You suddenly begin to notice what a heavy percentage of all rain-storms begin exactly at seven o'clock in the evening, just as the doors open; you learn to dread fairs, conventions and the like, because they are likely to affect the "house"; you become quite foolishly sensitive about the newspapers, and if two or three entertainments are mentioned and yours does not come first in the list, you wonder vaguely if your work was not up to the mark last night, or if you are being slighted. As a star, you have no home comforts, your family ties being temporarily severed, and you find it impossible to exchange social amenities with any one. Sundays? Why, you are traveling on most Sundays. No, from city to city it's the same monotonous round — the arrival, the bath, the overlooking, the maid's preparations for the night, the interviews, the hour's rest, then the starting for the theater.

Now think what a pleasant break it must make in the dull routine to hear that some great one of your profession is passing through the city, en route, or has just closed an engagement here, and does not go on his way till the morrow. Your heart beats high in expectation of his appearance in a box to see your own work, and — and perhaps he may ask to meet you afterward. What a compliment that will be, and oh, what a pleasure to come in contact with one who has done great things! And you are thrilled and wakened up at the prospect of one of those delightful dressing-room receptions, which afterward become very precious memories.

One muggy, dank, dark day I was playing "Alixe" at a New York matinee. The great house was packed with a genuine East Side audience. There had been some doubts expressed as to the wisdom of offering them that play; but the great crowd had been surprising us all by the accuracy of its judgment and by its appreciation of the most delicate shades of expression in that innocently passionate love scene between Alixe and Henri, and at the end of the act where the Countess discovered in Lucienne her abandoned daughter, and Alixe found in her the fiancée of her own lover, there came a sort of moan from the house that really thrilled us — it was the expression of their anticipation of coming evil. As I entered for the second act I noticed that occupants had arrived for the empty stage-box. A tall, slight woman stood there with her back to us while her escort unfastened her cloak. I spoke my line: "I will serve the coffee, Claudine—you may go," and instantly a clear voice, with a sort of I-told-you-so ring to it, said: "There

she is — any one could tell by the voice."

The gentleman said quickly: "H-s-sh! h-s-sh!" and with a swift glance of inquiry about her and a faint laugh at being overheard, the delinquent sank into a chair in the shadow, set her chin in her hand, gave one comprehensive, sweeping glance over the stage, and then turned her attention to me and my soliloquy; and I suddenly wondered if the maid had pinned my sash down behind and whether my skirts hung well, while my hand stole up to feel if the rose at my throat was nestling correctly in the tulle — or was just anyhow. There was, you see, such intensity in the stranger's look. And then some incidental music was played, and it was too loud, but before I could catch the leader's eye and quiet him with a warning gesture, I had heard an impatient "Piano — *pianissimo!*" from the alert woman in the box, and then I *knew* what I had suspected in that comprehensive sweeping first glance about the stage, and at my exit I remarked: "That's an actress in that box."

"Well, I should say so!" agreed the local manager. "And she's come splashing across town through a mud bath, just to see you! But that's her, if she wants a thing — that's Ellen Terry all over."

"W—who?" I stammered. "W—why, she's playing! What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about the woman in the box. She plays to-night, but not at the matinee. There goes her hat," he laughed. "She never took her eyes from the scene, but just pitched the thing that hurt or bothered her anywhere it happened to land. That's an Ellen Terry trick, and you ought to know her by that alone."

My throat was parched. I dashed into my room, took a sip of coffee, snatched up the hand-glass to look at the reflection of my back — *she* would have to look at it long in the coming scene — touched my lips with rouge and, with my heart in my throat, went back to the entrance ready for my cue. The scene was on. Imagine how I did my best. My back was turned to that box, but suddenly there came a sound that thrilled my nerves. Oh, never had I dreamed there was such music in the honest sniff of a nose! But think whose nose this was that sniffed! The Terry nose! That fascinating, tantalizing, baffling Ellen! who carries such plaintive appeal in one blue eye and such a dancing devil of mocking laughter in the other! Then down went my heart, for I recalled the rain and mud and rawness — perhaps this was but a cold, after all? And then at last I crossed the stage; I faced about, and, oh joy! the fluffy Terry hair was rumpled and disturbed, the chin was held in one hand and in the other was a quite useless damp ball, with which she dabbed her drowned blue eyes now and then, and at that sight I became so puffed up with joy and pride, that really there should have been a string and weight to keep me from floating away, like a child's balloon.

Acting before this keen, high-trained intelligence, standing out so clearly against the background of untutored feeling in the audience, and pleasing both, was a thing to be grateful for, but when, all white-shrouded and trailing with long grasses and clenched lilies (ready for the drowned scene in the last act), some one asked me, "Would I see Miss Terry a few minutes at the close?" — Would I indeed? — my pleasure was so great that, as my lovers were carrying the body on the stage, one of them gave me a sharp shake, muttering: "Say, do you know, you're smiling all over your face?" while the other one, at my feet, added: "You don't look dead, but just like a little pussy cat that sees cream. If you don't believe it, open your eyes and see!" which kindly remark made me writhe so with laughter that "the dread procession" had to pause until the drowned one could grow rigid again and banish the expectant smile from her lips.

At the fall of the curtain I hurried to my room, but the tall, slender one was already there. As she turned her head, then advanced with outstretched hands, in the quick graceful movements, the all-red dress she wore, I saw the suggestion of our beautiful cardinal bird, and like him, she flashed brilliantly from subject to subject, from idea to idea — though they were the poles apart. Long hands clasping long hands, we stood and looked at each other. I was devouring the Ellen Terry of daylight, when she was her graceful, gracious self, generous of her praise to a sister worker, absolutely without pose, plainly and simply clad, and yet there was a touch of the picturesque, of the unusual, about her. That swift glint of laughter flashed into her eyes in seeming mockery of the very words

she might be speaking. She was, in short, as fascinating, as elusive, here in the dressing-room, as ever she was amid the luxurious surroundings and in the golden-brocaded splendor of Portia.

"I knew you, without ever seeing you," she cried gayly. "I laid a wager coming over here, that I should recognize you without the aid of a programme! Of course we knew we were too late for the first scenes, and Mr. — (I hope he will forgive me, I have forgotten the gentleman's name, so we will say Mr. X——), Mr. X—— thought that quite impossible, because he says you look so entirely different in different plays. He tells me you are quite tall, swarthy, and inky-haired in 'L'Article 47,' and, well, you are little and blond now — but, my dear, the moment you spoke, I knew in every nerve who was speaking, and I told him so," she laughed, continuing, "and incidentally the house too. 'How could you know?' he asked me later, and I just said, 'Why, man, with a voice like that, any woman might move a world.' What a house to be held by so refined and quiet a play!"

"Have *you* ever acted to the so-called common people?" I asked.

"Many a time!" she replied. "And they make your work easy! Ah!" she sighed, "the poor have so much to forget! They give themselves up to you so gladly, if you have any charm at all!"

And I added: "Much suffering makes them sympathetic. It was this sort of audience," I went on, "I first saw Mr. Irving acting to in London. I can't recall the name of the theater, but the noise of departing and arriving trains seemed to come from beneath the same roof."

With a laugh, Miss Terry instantly named the theater. I added that at first I was so disturbed and startled by each train, I was for leaving, and then Mr. Irving had taken a hand in the game, and I had not been conscious of the sound of a single train thereafter — because of Matthias and those haunting bells.

"Oh!" she cried; "oh!" and all her face pinkened. "He is wonderful, is he not? Such an artist — to the last thought of his mind, artist! and the noblest gentleman!" — Her enthusiasm was moving.

Suddenly she dropped my hand — we had been standing — she glanced about the room. My maid had a voluminous ball-dress spread out across two chairs that she might darn a tear in the lace flounces, and before I could lift it or bring forward the small camp-stool near me, Miss Terry slid to the floor, threw both arms about one drawn-up knee, and defied me to get her up. When my startled breath had come back to me, I wasted it in vain entreaties, in vainer sweet blandishments, in useless warnings of colds. No, she was quite comfortable, and had I ever seen So-and-so in such a play? And no, she certainly would not sit in that chair — why should she? She would not take cold — she often sat upon the floor, it rested her, and it reminded her of her little-girl days, when she sat thus to put on her shoes. No, thanks, she loathed folding-chairs — nasty, treacherous things! And those were charming rings on the table there, and how correct and careful I had been not to wear one, for that French convent-bred child, Alixe! — And her eyes danced with glee at my discomfiture. And when at last I gave over and she had said some most kindly things about my work and that of some of my people (which I carefully and honestly repeated that evening, to my hearers' satisfaction), having had quite her own way in the matter of a seat, she, with a touch of one hand to the floor, sprang up and stood rush-straight and tall beside me. Not a scramble, not a clamber, but a spring worthy of an acrobat.

"Good gracious!" I cried; "what a Harlequin you'd make."

And she clasped her hands saying, "Why, then, there *is* something new for me to do — and I do so love the Christmas pantomime."

A hanging gown of brocaded velvet of many shades of golden brown on a pale amber ground caught her eye. "Oh!" she exclaimed; "how purely Venetian! How stately that is! Mr. Irving would rend that from your clasping arms if he saw it!" Then, ceasing her laughter, she added: "But, really, such things are so hard to find, and as his taste is exquisite as his knowledge is profound, he would adore those golden brown arabesques wandering over that pale amber and would see visionary balconies and lutes and daggers and caskets, as their natural accompaniments."

Which speech brought me to a mention of her own splendid first costume for Portia, and my wonder at her ability to walk in a

skirt of such amazing length in front. And this woman, whose grace of body, whether in repose or movement, has given unalloyed pleasure to the eyes of thousands, this, the only woman of her height who can skip like a young kid without provoking a jeering smile, and then walk with the dignity of an ideal queen, — this woman stood before me, and in plaintive, self-pitying tones, made this amazing statement:

"You see, it's a necessity, that extra length, for, owing to the exigencies of the worst figure in the world, the most unmanageable, I have to wear long, voluminous skirts and miles of drapery."

That I looked dumfounded for the moment, I knew by the twinkling of her eyes; then, as one who makes a stand, I said sternly "Miss Terry!" and she, clinging to the plaintive tone, said, "Miss Morris!" and then I proceeded accusingly: "Perfect grace indicates perfect proportion. You are beautifully graceful in every movement, how then can you have the worst figure in the world?"

"I have!" she repeated obstinately. "I'm flat and — and clumsy, and ——"

"That's a mere assertion, madame," I interrupted loftily, "and the burden of proof rests with you."

At which she made a *moue* at me, and, if she didn't dance across the room and to another subject, the swift, light, dipping movement was uncommonly like dancing. And from there the poor lady afflicted with the bad figure made another test of my credulity with a charming account of Mr. Irving's devouring desire to see me act, and how, that being an impossibility, he had changed the matinee bill so that she might be free, and had said, "Go you, my friend, and let me see her with your eyes, which will be the next thing to seeing with mine." And I recalled the day I had seen him come into the hotel with her and, having seated her in the elevator, how he had drawn back and stood uncovered, following its upward movement with his tense gaze till it was quite out of sight, before replacing his hat and going his way. Certainly, at that time Miss Terry felt the most enthusiastic admiration for the great English actor — who never lost an opportunity to publicly express his appreciation of this fascinating actress. And it was through his courtesy to her, that I had the pleasure of seeing that dramatic cardinal bird, darting about my room, turning bright, mocking eyes upon me — radiant, wilful, changeable — the elusive Ellen Terry.

When well protected by the insistent care of others from the inclement weather, she had fluttered away, I found myself alone save for some invisible watchman in the great dim theater. The long drive to and from the hotel, just for a morsel of dinner, was not to be thought of on such a day; so, rejecting the proffered "throne-chair," brave in white and gold and red flannel, I selected instead a fatly-upholstered, brocaded, very "comfy" chair from some "palatial abode of sin," also a tiny table used in the garret-scene of "Camille," and these incongruous articles were crowded into my room, and then all departed, even to my maid, who went out for her own dinner and also to order inevitable oysters and a large pot of coffee for me; and I sank myself into the immeasurable depths of comfort, to be found only in the Chinese native garment of soundless soft silk, padded lightly from throat to foot-hem, and with a new magazine in hand, waited for the coming of that solitary tray. But minutes passed, and I did not know even of what country I was so diligently reading; there seemed to be a sort of mild turmoil in my mind; then the door, which stood a bit ajar, moved slightly and presently a small paw appeared, then a little higher up a nervous white whisker, and finally a pair of round, translucent, greenish, golden eyes, from whose gleaming straight-slit pupils burned the concentrated caution of a thousand watchful years. One tense second of this inquiry, then the mighty primal protective instinct in her spoke: "This is one of the two-legged ones who have no boot-jacks by, and could not throw straight if she had," and so calmly entered, purring as she came, a shadowy-gray, coal-dusty theater cat. Any other day I should have instantly called "Puss! Puss!" but no, not now: my mind seemed to be all simmering with little broken memories. The cat rubbed her flat sides against my ankles, to show me how very unfed she really was; she stretched her arms and sharpened her claws thoroughly on the table leg with a suggestive air, that would have filled me with glee could I only have caught that memory that was trying to boil up into sight and recognition.

"It's Miss Terry's visit!" I said aloud, "but who on earth can she remind me of? No one; she is too absolutely herself! too original to bear a likeness to any other actress I have ever met!"

The cat looked surprised when I first broke the silence, then walked velvet-footed across to that brown and amber robe, and, seating herself upon its train, with great dignity and aplomb proceeded to wash herself, thoroughly and systematically, from her face and ears down — there could not be the smallest doubt as to her intention of dining with me after that.

If only I could get hold of that half-memory! What other English woman ever fluttered and darted like — "Oh!" — a great triumphant "Oh!" I cried and tossed my magazine in the air and caught it, as, at last, I had caught the memory of another dressing-room reception — almost my very first — that of the stately woman, who had come a girl from the British Isles to this land to work hard and win much, and wear for years and years the sobriquet of "The Duchess." It had been force of contrast that had awakened memory, not force of resemblance, and now, why, she might have just left the room with Miss Terry, so distinctly could I see Mrs. John Drew.

A great silence in a place habitually noisy is uncannily impressive: it causes introspection, it forces you back into the past, to a recalling of forgotten scenes and people, just as sylvan silence forces you to look forward, to build castles in the soft air — regardless of improbabilities. So, sitting there, I felt again the burning of my cheek, the startled throbbing of my heart, the surprise, the pleasure that had come to me, when that honored actress-manager and woman, in her own theater, made her courteous, kindly call upon the stranger within her gates. I was playing my first starring engagement with her, and my trembling doubt as to her approval of my method of work must have been quite plain to her, for the loosening fingers tightened again about mine, and she even gave the back of my hand a little friendly, jewelled tap as she said:

"All goes well — very well indeed, and you will sweep all before you by and by. Ah, you have heard I am not an admirer of the new, lazy, stroll-about school of so-called *repression*. It is empty, wearisome, but I have acted ever since I wore pantalettes, and I know my business well enough to show you where your success comes from. You show the public by a glimpse or two you have great power — then you repress it, hold it in leash, and that thrills. You comprehend my meaning, do you not? It is because you have the power to storm that your quietude frightens."

"Oh, I thank you so!" I cried, and then rather wonderingly added: "But I did not see you in your box, Mrs. Drew?"

"No," she replied, with a slight uplifting of chin; "I was not there, but I have 'a coign of vantage' from which I get a better view, and — er — well, 'put money in thy purse, Cassio,' I have sold the box for to-night."

Ah, the good old-time quotations! The tears sprang to my eyes even as laughter broke from my lips. All my awed timidity had fallen away from me. I told her how pleasant was the sound of the old familiar lines to my starved ears — how they recalled my ballet-girl days when all the stars used to tell great tales of the wonderful management of Mrs. John Drew's theater; and how one actor had admiringly said of her production of his plays: "There's no 'to be or not to be' — no 'in the alarm of fear caught up' about her. You make your needs known, and 'The Duchess' comes right to Hecuba, and grants them every one."

"Ah," said Mrs. Drew — her eyes lighted and a faint smile touched her serious lips — "he exaggerated a trifle both in quotation and praise, yet" — she was speaking simply, naturally — "in matters of business I always have that feeling of 'if it were done, then it were well it were done quickly,' you know."

Truly, I could have hugged myself with very joy of that most apt quotation, yet to this day I wonder, was it unintentional or was she condescending to a little stately guying at my expense?

My imagination is fairly active, but it is not vigorous enough to present me a picture of Mrs. John Drew with disturbed, even relaxed, dignity of port or manner under any circumstances. She was the sort of woman to appear at an early morning fire, buttoning something securely and properly about her, while saying with calm authority to the fireman: "Hook your

ELLEN TERRY AND CLARA MORRIS

"ELLEN TERRY SLID TO THE FLOOR AND DEFIED ME TO GET HER UP"

ladder to the other window, please. No — this is no time for explanations, my man. Hook on to the other window, as I tell you, and then we will descend." So much was her dignity a part of her very self — not a mere assumption. I have no doubt that in those far-away days of the pantalettes, she wore their starchy white glory of ruffle and tuck with greater dignity than that assumed by her actress-mother in her queen's robes. What a handsome, masterful, young creature she must have been in the days when she was first playing the dashing *Lady Gay*, the tormenting *Lady Teazle*, and all that swarm of arrant coquettes! Her high features, her air of gentle breeding, the touch of *hauteur* in her manner must have given the same zest to the admiration of her lovers that the faint nip of frost in the autumn air gives to the torpid blood. And, good Heaven! what an amount of work fell to the lot of the stately gentlewoman. As a child she worked, as a young beauty she worked, as a wife, as a mother she worked; as a widow she worked, managing then as well as acting, accepting the ups and downs with an equally unmoved face. She was always a wonderful disciplinarian; hers was said to be the last of those green-rooms that used to be considered schools of good manners. Some women descend to bullying to maintain their authority — not so Mrs. John Drew. Her armor was a certain chill austerity of manner, her weapon a sharp sarcasm, while her strength lay in her self-control, her self-respect.

He would have been a rarely reckless actor who had ventured to question the authority of "The Duchess" within her own bailiwick. And what a Paradise her theater was to the actress who wore fine costumes — such immaculate cleanliness from footlights straight to the building's walls! The floor was scrubbed to a creamy purity, everything that could possibly bear a coat of white paint had it; cellars and darksome corners, usually reserved for the propagation of spiders and evil musty odors, responded wholesomely to the healthful efforts of the white-wash brush. Every carpenter, gas-man, scene-shifter, property-man, in fact every wearer of trousers, save only the actor, wore a suit of white canvas, and every foot was shod in felt while the play was going on — Oh, the delight and comfort of it all!

Perhaps this strict manageress and famed actress may, like other women, have had her brief uncorseted hour of ease late at night, when she brushed her back hair and held light converse with her venerable mother or the young and brilliant daughter, Georgia — who paid her the compliment of a strong personal resemblance — perhaps, but the imagination balks when asked so to picture her. I mentioned, that night of her little call, the report that her son John was going to be an actor. She shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly, and drooping her lids with an air of haughty disapproval, said: "What can I do? The young are so insistent. Nothing short of a failure will convince him that he is making a mistake — so of course he must make an appearance."

"But," I asked, "why should he fail — he has inherited your ——"

I paused to push a hairpin further in, but she, with the swiftest, brightest smile, "My nose?" and laid her finger lightly on the top of that prominent and well-modeled feature, then went quickly on: "Perhaps you're right. It may be an inheritance — his father, mother, grandmother — poor boy! how could he escape the desire to act?"

And I laughed. "How indeed? It is in the blood and bone, the fibre and brain of your offspring — they'll all act."

"Good Heaven, no!" she exclaimed.

"But yes, every chick who spells its name D-R-E-W will act!" I declared authoritatively. "And what is more," I added, "the applause given to them will be sweeter in your ears than the music of Paradise, when you compare it to the wildest applause of your own winning."

Mrs. Drew smiled a little, looked steadily at me a moment, and said gravely:

"I hope you will have children some day, my dear, because you understand — yes, you understand," and then the boy had cried, "Everybody ready for the act," and Mrs. John Drew, in black silk with some most precious lace about the shoulders and a small velvet affair, not unlike a coronet, upon her frosting hair, took a stately leave of me, as if we had been parting in a crowded drawing-room, and I felt truly honored by her courteous attention — for this grand manner was not affectation, was not pose; it was Mrs. John Drew.

MRS. JOHN DREW AND CLARA MORRIS

"THE COURTEOUS, KINDLY CALL UPON THE STRANGER WITHIN HER GATES"

ELLIE'S FURNISHING

A STORY OF THE NEW MENNONITES

BY

HELEN REIMENSUYDER MARTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

THE school-teacher, Eli Darmstetter, had "composed" the form of invitation to be sent to those friends and relatives who lived too far away to be invited by word of mouth.

CANAAN, Lancaster Co., Pa.
May 10, 1895.

DEAR FRIEND:

Inclosed please find an Invitation to our Daughter Ellie Furnishing Party, it was to take place on May 5, 1895. But oweing to Some of her Prominent Friends being away and Some had former engagements, We Concluded to postpone the affair until the 10th inst. So I hope it will be Convenient for you and your Esteemable Wife to confer us a favor and pleasure by being present at that Evening.

With Regards and Respects,
I Remain,
Truly yours,
DANIEL SEIDENSTICKER.

Mr. Seidensticker had this form, with some variations to suit individual cases, copied and sent far and wide to all his friends, acquaintance, kith and kin; and the replies that they brought during the several weeks following afforded high entertainment, not to say mad dissipation, to the Seidenstickers. Indeed, so broken up was the dull monotony of their lives by the unaccustomed daily arrival of mail, and by preparations for the Furnishing Party and expeditions to town to buy the furniture for Ellie's parlor, that the nerve and brain of the family were strained to a severe tension in sustaining all this unwonted mental and physical activity.

"This here'n is from Bucks County," Mrs. Seidensticker one evening announced

to her assembled family as she opened a letter which Jakey, her nine-year-old son, had just brought from the post-office at Canaan. It was a mild evening in early May, and they were all gathered on the kitchen porch to enjoy the budget of mail which, since the sending forth of the invitations, had come to be the most important feature of their day; Ellie, the grown-up daughter; Silas, her elder brother, who shared his father's labors on their large farm; Jakey, the little brother; and Mr. and Mrs. Seidensticker.

Mrs. Seidensticker, a large stout woman a little past middle age, wore the New Mennonite plain dress and white cap, but her fat, dull countenance did not bear that stamp of other-worldliness so characteristic of many New Mennonites. Her pretty, dainty daughter Ellie, who was dressed "fashionable," had — much more than her mother — the pensive, nun-like face so often seen behind the black sun-bonnets of the wives of Lancaster County farmers.

Mr. Seidensticker, a hard-working Pennsylvania Dutch farmer, did not wear the Mennonite garb. He had never "turned plain" and "given himself up," and he still "remained in the world."

"It's from Cousin Elipholat," Mrs. Seidensticker continued. "Ellie, you read it oncet," she added, leaning forward in her chair and passing the letter to her daughter, who sat near her on the porch. "You're handier at readin' writin' than what I am still."

"Leave Si read it," Ellie indifferently returned.

"Silas . . . strenuously grasped the sheet with both his hands"

Her mother looked at her inquiringly. "What's the matter of you, Ellie? Ain't you mebbe feelin' just so good, or what?"

"Oh, I'm feelin' just so middlin'; I don't want for to read. Leave Si."

Mrs. Seidensticker had been vaguely conscious, in the past few days, of the fact that something was troubling Ellie. The girl was not like herself; ever since she and Sam Shunk, her "gentleman friend," had gone to town together to buy the furniture for the parlor in which Ellie was to "set up Sa'urdays and keep company" with him, she had been pale and listless, and at times she wore a look of suffering that troubled the mother deeply. Could something have gone wrong between Ellie and Sam? Mrs. Seidensticker's questionings had brought no confidences from Ellie. What a mortification it would be if, when all the preparations were made for the "Furnishing" party, at which the engagement of Ellie and Sam was to be "put out," it should transpire that "one of 'em wasn't satisfied with the other"!

"unaccustomed daily arrival of mail"

Mrs. Seidensticker was greatly troubled.

"Then, Si, you read it," she said with a sigh, giving the letter to her grown son, who sat on the porch-step at her feet.

Silas, bending to the task allotted to him, strenuously grasped the sheet with both his hands.

Dear cousins my Pop he can't come, Because he ain't no more alive. He died. He was layin' for 22 weeks. It's five years back already that he died for me I'm sorry he can't come. But he's dead. I would come but I'm turned plain and wear the garb now and so parties and such things like them don't do me no good, and I'd best not addict to them things. Pop he would of like to come. But he is dead this five years now.

Your Well Wisher,
ELIPHOLAT HINNERSHIZ.

"Now think!" said Mrs. Seidensticker with a long sigh. "I didn't never hear that Cousin Jake passed away. He was a good man," she said mournfully. "If yous could see him right now here on this porch, you'd know he was one of the finest men settiff! He was just comin' forty years old when I seen him last; that was mebbe fifteen years back already. I ain't sure it was just to say fifteen — but we won't stop at fifteen, but we'll give it that anyhow. Do you mind of him, Pop?" she asked her husband.

Mr. Seidensticker drew his long, thin length up from the pump-bed and leaned against a pillar of the porch.

"Ach, yes, I mind of *him*. He had sich a long beard that way. He was very proud of hisseff with his beard, Mom."

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully reminiscent; "he was the high-feelingest man! You see," she explained to her children, "he married sich a tony wife! She was wonderful tony. Her pop was a head-waiter in a hotel, and she was oh, a way-up woman. If she got mad, I want you to notice of the sparks didn't fly!"

"And do you mind, Mom," said Ellie's soft voice, "how oncet when you took me to Bucks County to see her when I was a little girl, she used to use napkins on the table for every day still?"

"Yes," nodded her mother. "She sayed she was raised that way. But people's ways is different in Bucks County to what they are here. I've took notice of that whenever I traveled to Bucks County. Yes, the world changes a heap in thirty or forty miles already. She was so much for makin' the windows open in summer time. I ain't. We ain't raised to that in Lancaster County. It draws flies. And she didn't raise her babies like what I did. She said I was too much for keepin' 'em covered up and hot. She wasn't in for that. She did, now, have queer ways to herself. She didn't have no children but only Elipholat and another one that was born dead. She didn't want no more, she sayed, still; she wasn't no friend to children. But I tole her when you're married, you ain't ast do you favor children or no? And she sayed the Lord didn't give but the two children; and she must say she didn't never disagree with the Lord that He did not treat her like them Stuffenkind fambly that had nineteen, so they never could stay in the house all together mit, but two had to take turn staying outside. Yes, that's the way she'd talk still; like they all in Bucks County, makin' joke of what they hadn't should."

"Who's the other letter from, Mom?" asked Jakey from his perch on the porch railing. "I brung two and a postal card. When John Doen give me our mail, he sayed he couldn't make out the writin' on that there postal card, only he could see it was from Ebenezer Duttonhoffer."

"Oh, him," nodded Mrs. Seidensticker. "Here, Si, read it oncet."

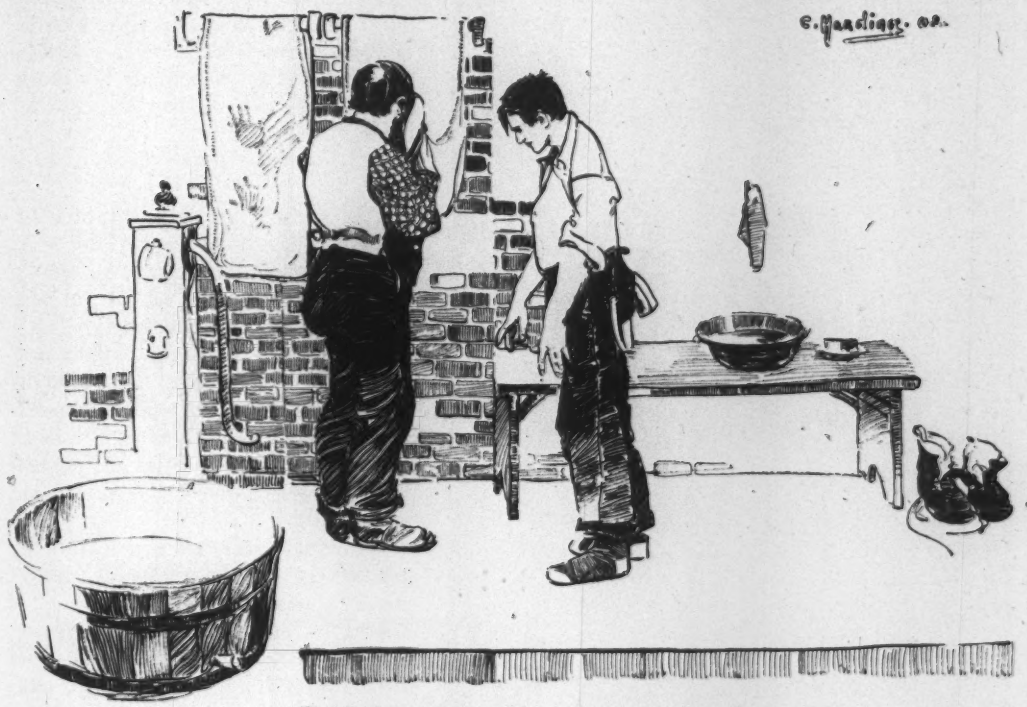
The early shades of the May evening were gathering and Silas was obliged to hold the postal card close to his eyes in order to decipher its faintly-pencilled message.

FRIEND MARY:

Pete he has fallin' fits now and he's often took worse, so it don't suit just so very convenynt and the horse he has bots and this after the mare she got pink eye for me but if the weather ain't inclement and we can make it so it suits yet for one of the horses we will come then if Sally's foot gets better she's got it so bad in her foot.

Respectfullie
EBENEZER DUTTONHOFFER.

"Ach," said Mr. Seidensticker; "them Duttonhoffers was always a ridic'lous fambly for havin' things happen of 'em. They'll all be here, you mind if they ain't! Pete with his fallin' fits and Sally with her leg or foot or whatever — and every one of 'em. They're always



"The Seidensticker towel-system was unique."

close by when they know a body's goin' to have entertainment. And when you go to *their* place they're just that near they never ast you to eat. Ach, mebbe they'll ast you to pick a piece — but they ain't givin' you no square meal."

"Here's one from Cocalico," said Mrs. Seidensticker. "That must be from Sister Lizzie Miller. Here, Si."

"You'd better make the lamp lit then. I can't hardly see no more," said Silas.

"There's just only this one any more; I guess you can make out to read that."

"Gimme here, then."

Silas changed his position a bit and strained his eyes to read.

SISTER MARY:

I wish you the grace and Piece of the Lord. Mamie got Daniel's Invitation all right she was snitzing the apples and cut herself so ugly in the thumb I'm writing for her I'd leave her come if I otherwise could but I don't know what to wear on her. I'd sooner she'd go as stay for all we're getting strangers Thursdays and we've made out to clean the kitchen to-morrow, so I don't know how long it will go before I can get time to make her a new dress already. It would be wishful for her to have a new dress her other one where she bought off of Haverbushes is wore out yet.

SISTER LIZZIE.

"Sister Lizzie's a wonderful hard-workin' woman," remarked Mrs. Seidensticker. "And now her children's all growed up over her, she works as hard as ever she did still. And her man, he always used her so mean that way."

"Does he farm yet?" inquired Mr. Seidensticker who, having washed his hands at the pump close by the porch, while listening to the letters, was now drying them on one of the roller-towels which hung on the brick wall of the house.

The Seidensticker towel-system was unique. Two towels always hung on the side of the house, one of them doing its second week of service for the entire family, the other its first — the former being used exclusively for hands, and the fresher one for faces. The pump, the two roller-towels, and one "wash rag" hanging over the top of the pump (and known in the family as *the* wash rag) constituted the only toilet appointments of the household.

"Whether Sister Lizzie's man farms?" inquiringly repeated Mrs. Seidensticker. "No, he don't carry on nothin' now. He's such a wonderful man for snitz pie. I guess that's why they're snitzing so early. Their winter snits mebbe give out for 'em. Yes,

"'And that next evening, the sky was redder than ever.'"

Lizzie's man was always a friend to pie. And he always sayed to Lizzie, 'Put right much sugar on it.' Lizzie thought that's what made his teeth go so fast, so's he had to get his store ones already. He's got his store teeth better'n thirty years now."

The sound, at this minute, of wheels in the distance, on the road which passed their gate, suddenly set the whole family on the *qui vive* of expectation. Jakey leaped like a squirrel from the porch railing and ran to the front fence. Mr. Seidensticker dropped the family hand-towel and craned his long thin neck around the pump; Silas, Ellie, and Mrs. Seidensticker leaned forward expectantly.

Not that they were dreading or pleasantly anticipating (as might have appeared) either a foe or a friend in the approaching vehicle; but in the dull monotony of their lives the passing of a wagon was an episode of exciting interest. For a wagon to pass a Lancaster County farm-house, and the inmates thereof to miss seeing whose wagon it was, was a mishap to be lamented for days to come.

"It's John Herr's!" Jakey called, as soon as the horse was near enough for him to recognize it.

"Oh, him!" Mrs. Seidensticker said in a tone of satisfied curiosity. "I guess he's been in to Canaan for his mail, mebbe."

When John Herr's buggy had passed and disappeared, Jakey came back to the porch.

"Did you fetch the mail for Abe's this evening?" Mrs. Seidensticker inquired of the child.

"Abe's" was their designation for the household, a half mile distant, belonging to the young married sister of Mrs. Seidensticker, who had married a farmer named Abe Kuhns.

"Whether I fetched the mail for Abe's?" repeated Jakey. "Yes, I fetched it down to 'em then."

"What did they get?"

"Nothin' but the *Weekly Intelligencer*," Jakey replied, taking a

handful of dried apples out of a pan on the porch bench and beginning to eat them.

"You're to leave them snits be now," admonished his mother.

"I didn't eat very hearty at supper," argued Jakey. "I had to hurry to get done once, to go for the mail already, and I had only butter-bread and coffee soup."

"Well, if you feel for some more supper, go to the cupboard and get a piece. Don't eat them snits. They're unhealthy when they ain't cooked."

"I like 'em better'n a piece," protested Jakey, though he obediently put them back into the pan; the children of the Pennsylvania Dutch are reared in old-fashioned implicit obedience to parental authority.

"But you wouldn't like the stomeek ache you'd mebbe get if you eat 'em," said his father. "A body must be a little forethoughted that way about what they eat still."

Mrs. Seidensticker's stout figure rose heavily from her rocking-chair.

"I'd mebbe better come in now. You just stay settin'," she added to Ellie. "You seem like as if you was a little tired. You're so quiet this evening. Ain't you mebbe feelin' good, Ellie?"

"Oh, I'm feelin' just so middlin'," Ellie softly answered.

"Is Sam comin' to-night?"

Ellie rose from her straight-backed seat and took her mother's low rocking-chair. "He didn't speak nothin' about when he'd come over again," she answered.

"Well, I'm goin' to bed," her mother announced with a yawn as she walked to the kitchen door. "Are you comin', Pop?"

"I might as well, I guess."

Silas and Jakey, without comment, followed their parents indoors and left Ellie alone on the porch. It was generally understood that the coast must be clear for a possible visit from Sam.

Sam Shunk had been Ellie Seidensticker's "steady regular gentleman friend," not only for the past four months, since her eighteenth birthday, but he had "kept steady comp'ny" with her even before either he or she had reached the age or the worldly condition when "settin' up Sa'urdays" was, according to the social rubrics of Canaan Township, the proper and conventional procedure. Time had, therefore, established his prerogative to the sobriquet of "Friend" with a capital F and an especial significance.

Left alone on the porch in the gathering spring twilight, Ellie's pretty head drooped upon her breast, and a long, tired sigh swelled her young bosom. Presently two big tears trickled over her pale cheeks and a little gasping sigh came from her throat. The measure of her Spartan self-control in the presence of her family was the exceeding trouble and distress manifest just now in every line of her relaxed form and delicate face.

"'You're to leave them snits be now'"

The secret grief that was rending her was the realization that she must give up Sam. In anguish of spirit she asked herself how she could ever bring herself to do it. For oh, she loved him! He was so kind, so strong, so handsome! In all the township, where was his peer? Her soul was knit to his and she did not, she did not, want to give him up!

But she must. Sam belonged to the World. And she — she was about to give herself to the service of her Lord and Master, who forbade that His children be unequally yoked together with unbelievers.

It was the "Furnishing" that had brought Ellie to this state of self-abnegation. Her mother, as has been said, was a New Mennonite. The creed of this sect, forbidding not only gay apparel, but also any but the plainest and simplest of household furnishings, the custom has grown up among its members of leaving the "front room" of their homes unfurnished until the eldest daughter shall have come of age, when, if by that time she has not been moved by the spirit to "give herself

"'Ain't you mebbe feelin' good, Ellie?'"

up," that is, to abandon the vain pomps and glories of this wicked world, "turn plain" and join the New Mennonites, her parents give vent to their long repressed human instincts for adornment and fit up the parlor for her in the best style they can afford.

New Mennonites never force their own convictions upon their children, for since it is the Spirit only, and not any human agent, which can teach men the way of salvation, and as the "mere morality" of the unconverted can never be counted unto a man for righteousness, either he must, of his own free will and accord and without outside influence, give himself absolutely and entirely to the Lord's service, or else be a child of "the Enemy" outright. There is no medium course. It is thus that the New Mennonites explain the seeming inconsistency of freely allowing to their children the "vanities" which they themselves eschew as sinful.

The event regularly known in Lancaster County as "Furnishing" is, next to marriage, the most auspicious time in a young girl's life. As soon as her parents have "furnished" for her, she is expected to enter upon her matrimonial campaign and, anon, settle down to "keep comp'ny" with one especial "Friend," whom, as soon as convenient, she marries, and then the furniture of her parlor is taken with her into her own new home.

Now Ellie had always anticipated with delight the time of her "Furnishing," and when it had at last arrived, she threw herself, heart and soul, into the joy of choosing her "things"—the cabinet organ, the "stuffed" sofa and chairs, the marble-topped table, plush album, gilt-framed "Snow Scene," and Brussels carpet. Sam had gone with her, one Saturday morning, to Lancaster, to help her do her choosing. Later in the day he and she had gone to the Vaudeville Show at the Park, and it had been the shock of the latter, combined with what she had suddenly felt to be the wicked selfishness of her enormous expenditures for things unnecessary for the soul and only pleasing to the worldly eye, that had brought her to a realization of the frivolity and error of temporizing with the World, and had convinced her of her duty to abandon its pomps and hollowness; to seek and hold fast to the Truth that the Saviour had died to reveal to cold and indifferent man. Her religious nature was awakened, and with clear vision she saw the real things of her life in their true contrast to its vanities. She knew, with a fatal certainty, that never again would she find joy in the things that heretofore had absorbed her to the neglect of her soul's salvation. She must give herself up. And she must therefore abandon Sam.

How was she ever to break it to him, loving and trusting her as he did?

"What'll he think of me, comin' with somepin like this and my promise passed only four weeks a'ready. And he's so much for me to dress! And I was always so wonderful stylish! How will I ever tell him I'm turnin' plain as soon as I otherwise can?"

But this weakness, she knew, was only a temptation of the Enemy of her soul, who watched every thought of her heart, to trip her up and drag her back into the World at the least opportunity.

Meanwhile, while Ellie was sitting on the porch in the May twilight, battling with the weakness of the flesh in the sacrifice which she was called upon to make for the faith that was in her, Sam Shunk was trudging down the road, towards the home of his sweetheart, on an errand that made every step of this usually blissful walk one of pain and effort.

He found Ellie alone on the porch where, a few moments before, her family had left her.

The new pink shirt waist which she wore made her cheeks look so like ripe

peaches that, for a forgetful instant, he anticipated with satisfaction the kisses he would presently press upon their downy softness. But only for an instant. The chilling remembrance came to him of the sad purport of his visit to her to-night.

With a heavy heart he seated himself in the rocking-chair at her side.

So absorbed was he in his own mental burden that he failed to notice how subdued and reserved was the greeting which she gave him.

From force of habit he began with his usual form of social intercourse in opening up his customary weekly stint of courting.

"Nice evening, this evening; say not?"

"Ain't!" Ellie's low soft voice agreed.

"How's the folks?"

"*They're* pretty well."

A faint impression of something unaccustomed in her tone caused Sam to steal a glance at her fair and delicate face at his side.

"How's your Mom?" he inquired conversationally. Sam was not brilliant in dialogue, and as Ellie herself was usually not remarkably articulate, their social intercourse was sometimes a little difficult.

"She's pretty well, too," she replied.

"How's your Pop?"

"*He's* old fashioned."

Sam gently rocked his chair and gazed out across the darkening lawn.

"Nice evening, this evening, ain't it is," he returned to the charge.

"Yes, anyhow," sweetly agreed Ellie.

"How's Jakey?"

"He's pretty well."

"Is Si well, too?" Sam asked by way of variety.

"Yes, he's pretty well."

They rocked in silence for a few minutes.

"I'm glad the folks is all well."

"Yes, they're all right good," Ellie consented with complacent absence of originality.

"It's right warm, ain't?"

"Yes, Pop he sayed it would make somepin down before morning, he thought."

"Say, Ellie! I don't trust to be on them trolley cars in Lancaster when it's goin' to give a gust. Last time I was goin' to take a trolley ride, I seen it was thunderin' and I tole the conductor I wanted off right away at the corner already."

"I guess!" Ellie nodded.

Sam now fell into a temporary silence as he gloomily contemplated the dread task at his hands of telling Ellie the object of his visit. Again he stole a side glance at her, and the strange, plaintive look he detected about her sweet eyes smote his big, generous heart. How could he make her unhappy? She trusted him and believed in his love for her. What should he do?

"Say, Ellie?"

"What, Sam?"

"That man in the dime matynee in there at Lancaster, last Sa'urday, that could twist himself so queer, still, say, Ellie, that was false hair he had on!"

"You think!"

"I'm pretty near sure."

"Now think!" Ellie said wonderingly.

"And that colored lady you mind of—that sung sich a touchin' piece about 'I wisht my color would fade,' say, Ellie, she was only a white person with shoe-blacking or whatever on her face!"

"I say!" cried Ellie in surprise.

"A body hadn't ought to give their

At the vaudeville show

countenance to sich shows like what them is, Ellie. It don't do a person no good."

"No, Sam, I don't think so nuther. And if you feel a little conscientious, you'd better let sich things be then."

"Ellie, I got to tell you somepin!"

"Don't tell me to-night, Sam," Ellie pleaded, feeling sure he was going to press her to name their wedding-day, as he had lately been doing most strenuously. "I ain't feelin' good to-night. Don't speak nothing to me to-night."

"I can't help for that—I got to tell you this here. Say, Ellie, it ain't that I haven't got no love to you—but indeed, Ellie, I can't marry you."

Ellie slowly turned in her chair and gazed at him in the deepening darkness.

"Why not, Sam?" she asked, in a voice so low that he scarcely caught her words.

"Ellie, I'm going to give myself up!"

"O, Sam!"

"Don't tempt me not to!" he cried almost piteously. "I want you—you know how bad I want you—but you're in the World, Ellie, and I can't marry you! If it breaks my heart and yours, I've got to leave you and cleave unto Christ! It was going with you to town done it—and buying them things for your "Furnishing" and then seein' the dime matynee. I seen, Ellie, how pleasing to the eye it was, but not for the glory of Gawd. And I can't never no more give my countenance to fashionable things. I'm turning plain as soon as I can get to town to get my plain cloes once. Servin' the Lord ain't easy, it ain't easy," he said. "You mind where the Bible says, 'if a man smite thee, turn him the other cheek.' That's pretty hard, and it wouldn't suit me so well to do it. Indeed, I say that. But I must do all them things if I'm a child of Gawd. And John Souders preached how he seen 'em die horrible already when they was unconverted."

"But, Sam——"

"Ellie!" Sam quickly interrupted, as though dreading the effect of her pleading, "it's like dyin' to me to give you up. I'd most ruther *be* dead. But it's my duty. Last night my sins opened up before me and I was wonderful concerned; and at last, after a great struggle, I made up my mind I'd give myself to the guidance of the Spirit. Then, here this morning, already, when I fell awake, the Enemy was tempting me, and he tole me how pretty you was and how sweet, Ellie. But," Sam solemnly added, "I've overcome the Enemy, and I come here to-night yet to give you good-by."

Only "the angels in the heavens above and the demons down under the sea" could measure the sacrifice which the stalwart youth was thus making in his loyalty to what he felt to be a larger truth of life than any mere personal relation of his own.

"Sam! Sam! Listen at me."

Ellie leaned forward in her eagerness and clasped his big arm with both her hands. "*I* got in trouble, too, Sam, about my sins, after we'd been to town. I was in wonderful trouble, Sam. And that evening," she eagerly went on, "the sky got so red I thought the world would go to an end. And next day I seen how nice and humble Mom looked in her plain dress—and, Sam, *I hated* my Furniture and my fashionable cloes! And that next evening, the sky was redder than ever! And Sam, I let loose of everything—my cloes, my Furniture, the party—and you—and joined to the Lord! And this morning I went over to Mamie Herr's that I got mad at 'cause she talked down on you—and I knowed I must be made satisfied with all my enemies, so I tole her I wasn't any more mad yet. And oh, Sam, it never suspicioned me that the Spirit was guidin' *you*, too!"

Sam's arms were about her now, and she was clinging to him:

"'*Gawd works in a mysterious way*
His wonders to perform.'"

"Ain't he does, Ellie!" he whispered, pressing an ecstatic kiss upon her lips.

"Ain't he does!" was Ellie's rapturous response.

WHEN ELIZABETH WENT HOME

BY

ETHEL BOWMAN RONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL

IT was only five o'clock, but the wide, far-stretching prairie-land lay swathed in twilight. It was too early for stars as yet, and the oncoming night hovered down unbroken by any point of light, unbelievably still, full of a strange solemnity, and to Elizabeth, unspeakably dreary. She stood with her face against the pane, gazing out absently into the deepening dusk.

"At home," she mused, and the word vibrated in her mind with an aching tenderness, "the electric lights are gleaming along the streets, the trolley cars are full of happy Christmas shoppers. Papa has come in now and hurries off to his room with various mysterious bundles; Alice and Dick are hobnobbing together in a corner over mama's present. After dinner, some of the crowd will come in and there will be music and dancing, then later a jolly little supper around the chafing dish." She turned from her thoughts to the gray stretch outside. "Snow, stillness — country, country, country! I hate it!" she gasped, with a sob of self-pity. "I like noise and lights and good times and people. Oh, I want to go home! I want to go home!"

Her husband was coming now. She could not discern his figure, but she heard his whistle, the notes dull and spiritless, mere ghosts of his old-time runs and trills. "But he doesn't hate Dakota as I do," she thought resentfully. "He likes it. He is troubled only because I am."

Stamping the snow from his feet, he came into the warm room, seeming somehow to fill it with his large personality. He stooped and kissed her tenderly, trying to meet her averted gaze.

"You're nice and snug in here, Elizabeth," he began, with a tentative cheerfulness. "It's awfully cold outside." The girl-wife made no response, but began to set the table, and the man said no more until she summoned him to the evening meal. He looked at her from time to time as she sat opposite him, hoping that her somber mood would pass, but she kept her wistful gaze bent toward her plate, and the bitter lines of her mouth never relaxed.

"What a dainty meal, dear," he said, with an attempt at animation. "Quite worthy of the season. It doesn't seem possible that the day after to-morrow is Christmas, does it?"

"Please don't remind me of it, Robert, I beg," she cried sharply. The man winced and put down his coffee-cup, gazing with set brows into its amber depths. Suddenly he gave his shoulders an energetic little shake and sighed with the stress of a firm resolve.

"Elizabeth," he said, "let's hurry and finish, then we can spend the evening packing your trunk, for you must start home in the morning. You will arrive Christmas afternoon, in time for most of the festivities, and you can stay just as long as you like."

Elizabeth looked at him squarely now, with startled eyes.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "You know very well——"

"Just this, dear. You must take the seventy-five dollars we saved to get the new machinery in the spring. I'll manage about that somehow."

"Why — why, I couldn't do that," stammered Elizabeth in denial, but with hope mounting in her heart. "I won't do it."

"Oh, yes, you will," he replied, in his most masterful tones, and with an air of finality. And then his calmness broke, and he cried from his heart, "Ah, dearest, don't you know it just kills me to see you

sad and lonely, not to hear you sing about your work any more, or make little jokes and laugh as you used to do? I think I can get the machinery somehow, but let's not think about that now. Nothing matters except for my sad little girl to find her happy heart again."

With a cry of remorseful tenderness, she threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Robert, you're so good, so good! And what a poor wife I am! So selfish and unkind to you! But, Robert, you can't understand. You can't realize how I ache to go home. This snow and stillness and bigness of everything gets on my nerves. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy!"

"Yes, little girl, yes," he murmured, kissing her hair.

"It wasn't so bad in the early summer when the woolly buffalo-grass was so soft and pretty, and the sky was so blue; and when mama and Alice were here, it was fine, but oh, this winter—" She broke off with a shudder. "And we've been married a year and a half, and I've never been home once! When we planned to go this Christmas, I was so happy, and then things went wrong and we couldn't afford it, and I thought I should die!" she cried with the extravagance of youth. "Oh, Robert, I know I oughtn't to go, but I do want to!"

"Yes, little girl, yes," he said softly again, "and you shall go."

The girl clung to him, leaving her tears and kisses upon his cheeks.

"My dear, good, generous Robert," she murmured. "Well, I'll go, but I won't stay long, and when I come back I'll be the best wife in the world."

So it was settled. The pretty trousseau, almost unworn, was prepared for the eastern journey.

"Are you sure you won't look shabby or old-fashioned?" Robert asked anxiously, for pride was one of the strongest fibers of his being.

"Oh, no, they won't expect a fashion-plate to come out of the wilderness," she answered gaily, "and Alice will help me furbish things up a little."

Stopping in her packing, she slipped on a little rose-colored evening gown, and opening her fan, peered at him coquettishly over its filmy edge.

"Why don't you ask me to dance?" she demanded. Obediently falling in with her mood, he caught her round the waist, whistled the bars of a lively two-step, and spun her gaily up and down the room. Elizabeth was transformed. He looked at the flushing, glowing, rose-colored girl-creature in his arms, and wondered if she could be the wan, heavy-eyed woman who had met him when he came in from his work. The great wide night held the little house in its clutch, and the wind moaned under the eaves like a soul debarred from Paradise, but for once Elizabeth did not hear it. Robert did. "What will it be when she is gone?" cried a voice in his heart.

Early the next morning they drove over to Wilkes, the nearest town, where Elizabeth was to take the east-bound train. It was a wonderful day — white and blue and gold. The sky was as blue as a gentian-flower; the snow-crystals flung back the sun's rays from their glittering facets, and the air was a joy to the lungs. Even Elizabeth, now that she was saying a farewell to Dakota, admitted its charm.

"Yes, I suppose this trackless white is more beautiful than the mud and slush of my little Indiana city, but three cheers for mud and slush all the same!"

Robert laughed — with his lips. In his heart was an agony of loss. Arriving at the station, they learned to his dismay that the train was two hours late. To prolong this parting through two hours of dreary waiting would be more than he could endure. Besides, various duties urgently called him back to the little farm. Elizabeth divined his thoughts.

"Robert," she said, "you mustn't wait. Truly, I don't want you to. It would be too hard for us both. And there are so many things you ought to do back at the house."

She never called it home and the fact had stung him many a time.

"Very well, dear, if you wish it, but I'll telegraph your people before I go."

"Robert, if you don't mind, I'd like to do that myself. It'll help pass the time, and, besides, I want to send as funny and jolly a message as possible."

"Certainly, dear, and here's a note I wrote you last night. I was rather wakeful. Read it sometime along on the way. Well, good-by, then, dearest one; have a good time and be happy. Good-by." He

kissed her with trembling lips and then turned quickly, climbed as hurriedly into the wagon, and drove away without once looking back.

Elizabeth gazed after him with some of the brightness gone from her face. She tapped the sill of the station door discontentedly with her little foot.

"There really isn't much pleasure in going without Robert," she thought, and then looked curiously at the note in her hand. "I believe I'll read it now," she decided. "He said any time." She went into the station and sat down upon a hard bench. There was only one other person in the room, a gaunt, flat-chested German woman.

Elizabeth tore open the note and read:

"This is to be only a few words to bid my little wife God-speed, tell her how much I love her, and a few other things that I want to say now while I see them clearly. It has come upon me lately that I have wronged you in bringing you to this lonely place. My boyhood was passed in the country and I love it. It seemed to me that there could be no freer, happier life than here in this virgin land. I knew that there would be privations, of course, but I did not fear them, and you, catching a little of my enthusiasm, were willing to come. So I refused the kind offer of your Uncle Henry. The stifling round of the office, the struggle of the world of men, fevers me. To grapple with wind and dust and famine — that was the battle at thought of which every sinew of me thrilled.

"But you were differently made. You were born for the easier, more sparkling life of the city. All the pleasant and gracious things which society offers to a fair and sweet woman, were yours by right.

"Therefore, dearest, I beg your forgiveness. The happiness of you is the happiness of me. It is a small thing to say that I would die for you; rather, I will live for you, and in the way that is most pleasing to you. If your uncle's offer is still open to me, I will accept it, if you so desire. But, dear, if you could find it in your heart to give this life a few more months' trial, I should be so glad. I feel sure that the crops will be as good this year, as they were poor, last, and then we could make this home more like your old one. Just until the autumn comes, Elizabeth, and you can stay with your mother as much of that time as you wish. But if you feel that you do not desire to make the trial, then say so, dear, and your wish shall be mine. For, after all, wherever you are is the sweetest spot in the world for me.

"Have a happy visit, dear; stay as long as you like, and God keep you!"

Elizabeth's tears fell on the note before she had finished. "There is not another in all the world as good as Robert," she thought. "I won't try to decide now about the farm. I'll wait until I reach home. I'd better telegraph now."

She turned toward the little room where the operator sat and then hesitated; somehow the keen edge of her eagerness was dulled. The home vision was not so radiant, so fascinating, as it had seemed earlier. She remembered her brother Dick and his friends, with their well-groomed persons, their polished flippancy, and then she thought of Robert in his worn ulster, his cheeks glowing from the wind of the prairie, but with loneliness in his sober eyes. She drew her hand across her forehead with a childish gesture of trouble and dissatisfaction, and then her eyes fell on the German woman who still sat moveless on the other bench.

A dull, colorless creature she was, who might have been anywhere between twenty-five and forty. Her complexion was of an unhealthy yellowish hue, and a few wisps of the same yellowish-hued hair straggled stringily down her thin temples. One would hardly have noticed her a second time, but for the expression of grief that dignified her unlovely face. Every once in a while a slow tear fell from her eyes, and, rolling drearily down her faded cheeks, dropped upon her hands which were folded in her lap. Elizabeth, always tender-hearted in the presence of suffering, rose and walked over to her.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked timidly.

"Nobody can't do nottings," replied the woman with simplicity. "My man been dead."

"Oh!" said Elizabeth helplessly, "I'm sorry," and then as the woman moved over a little, she sat down beside her. The pathos of this bald statement touched the girl's already overwrought feelings unspeakably, and her face was very sweet with sympathy as she questioned gently:

"Has he been dead long?" The poor creature began to talk eagerly. It was a relief to pour out some of the trouble in her heart to this kindly stranger.

"No, miss; one week he has been dead. Ten years Chris and me's been married. Chris hadn't no learning, but he was good-looking, yes. I had learning. I could read, and some I could write. I worked in the canning factory mit Gussie and Tina and lots of other girls, and sooch fun we been having. Then 'long come Chris and asked me won't I marry mit him and I did. But he ain't high-toned like me, and he want to have a farm, and we did come way out

here. But I never did like it, no. It sads me to hear the wolves in the night-time, and everything is that still! And I don't like never to see nobody. I want to see Tina and Gussie and work in the canning factory again already, and I ask him to go, but he say no. And I sass him and sass him, and he don't say mooch, and never don't beat me, and now he been dead. My man been dead."

She paused, her stooped shoulders shaken with sobs. Elizabeth's face twitched oddly, but she struggled to maintain her composure.

"And now what are you going to do?" she asked huskily.

"I'm going to try to get into the canning factory again already. But I don't want to work in the canning factory, no. I want to live out on the prairie mit Chris. It wouldn't sad me no more. Mein Gott, I been one fool! Wolves don't matter. Never seein' nobody don't matter. Nothin' matters but your man!"

Elizabeth arose and grasped the woman's hand. The light that never was on sea or land was in her eyes.

"Yes, you're right. Nothing matters but your man. Thank you! And good-by!"

It was Christmas eve. Robert sat alone in the little house and looked into the fire. The hook where Elizabeth's jacket had hung was empty. Her little overshoes were gone too. He was acutely conscious of this and dared not turn his eyes in that direction. Suddenly he bowed his head in his hands. Strong and gallant soul that he was, there had come upon him to-night an utter heart-sickness and despair.

"I am a failure," he told himself bitterly, "a failure. I have failed with the farm; I have failed with Elizabeth. I thought I could make up to her for the things she would lose. I thought my love would be enough. But it was not enough. We will leave the farm. Perhaps I shall succeed after a fashion. Perhaps Elizabeth will be happy again. But I shall know it is not I who have done it. I shall see myself for what I am, a ghastly failure."

Tears fell upon his tanned cheeks — not the quick bright tears of childhood, but the awful tears of manhood, that start in the deeps of the heart and come by a slow, burning pathway to the eyes.

Then Elizabeth came.

Her cheeks glowed with the cold; her eyes were two dazzling love-lights. She fell upon him with a divine ferocity, she submerged him in her arms, she overwhelmed him with kisses.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, "I couldn't go! It was no use to try. I couldn't endure Christmas without you. I should die! I don't want to go to Indiana! I only want to stay with you. And, of course, we'll try Dakota a little longer — forever, if you like. I shall never hate it again. Nothing matters but your man," she ended, with a sobbing laugh.

He did not understand as yet. He did not try. He only felt that he had leaped from hell to heaven. He held his angel of deliverance fast, and hoped his heart wouldn't burst with so much joy.

Afterward, when they were a little calmer, he asked her anxiously:

"But are you quite, quite sure you won't regret that you didn't go home?" She laughed softly, and nestled closer within his arms.

"Home?" she repeated; "dearest, this is home!"